

*Arthur Smith*

*Arthur Smith*

HUGH JOHN MACDONALD

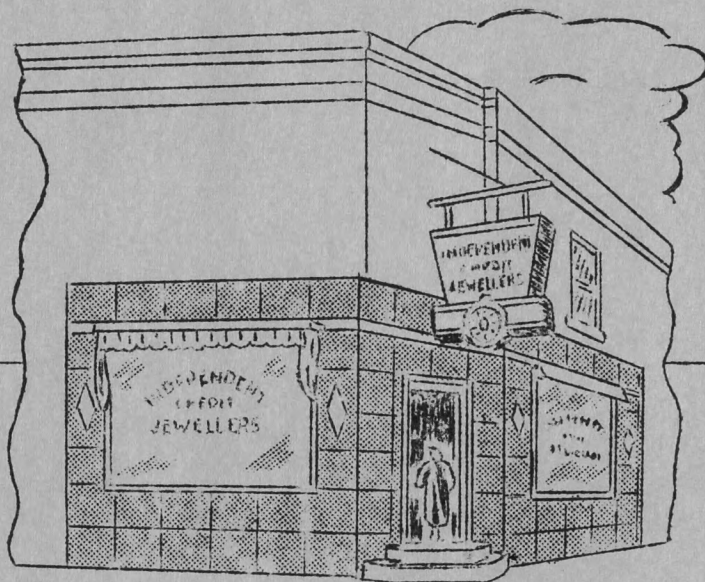




#35 -  
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STAFF AND STUDENTS



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1952 — 1953.

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Assistant: Lillian Funk

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Jack Carrier

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Henry Klassen, Ron Coulombe

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Lyle Siles, Jerry Collins.

Class Representatives: Jack Marsch, 9A; Ruth Koch, 9B;  
Ken Langston, 9C; Brian Hampton, 9B.

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D.A. Patterson  
Principal

# HUGH JOHN MACDONALD STAFF



O. Parker  
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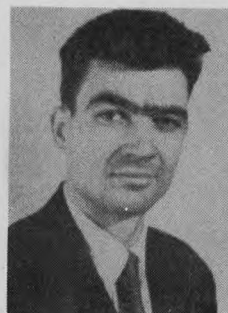
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EDUCATIONAL LADDERBy D.A. Patterson, B.A.; B. Paed. Principal

When we wish to get to a goal or position beyond our reach we may use a ladder. By going up the ladder, rung by rung, we are able to reach any height depending upon the length of the ladder and upon our strength, courage, ability, and willingness to climb.

In attaining an education, we might think of the various school subjects, such as English and other languages, science, social studies, music, art, home economics, manual arts, physical training, health, as rungs in an educational ladder. By these we climb to each new division or grade or "story" of our educational structure.

It is interesting to note one peculiarity about this ladder. It must be built by each individual as he or she climbs. No one can do this for us. The raw materials that we use to build our own ladder are provided for us in the texts and other books of information, in maps, diagrams and pictures, or can be obtained through other sources of knowledge placed before us. Teachers are provided to guide and assist in the planning and building. But each student must read and study "the blue prints" provided, listen to the guidance given, and with his or her own hands and mind construct each individual rung upon which to climb.

Another peculiarity about this ladder may be noted. Just as the rungs of a builder's ladder must be bound together by strong bars into which the rungs are affixed, so too, the rungs of our educational ladders must be connected by strong bars. These are the habits of thinking and doing that we develop as we think about and work over the educational problems that we face and attempt to solve day by day. Unless we do some thinking for ourselves and work hard, the educational ladder that we are building will be shaky and liable to collapse.

How well have we constructed, and how far upward in education have we been able to reach with the educational ladder that we have been building this year? In the world of nature "we reap what we sow"; similarly in the realm of education we gain in knowledge and power according to the kind of materials and amount of effort that we put into the building of the educational ladder upon which each must climb alone.

Some of you will have climbed to the top story in the Junior High this year and will be going on to high school or passing out into the big world to take up the battle of life with the strength you have already gained. We wish all of you well, and hope that you may climb to heights not yet attained. To those in our school who will be with us again next year may I say that we look forward to another successful term of building and climbing together.

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There are one-story intellects, two-story intellects and three-story intellects with skylights. All fact collectors who have no aim beyond their facts are one-story intellects. Two-story men compare, reason, generalize, using the labors of the fact collectors as well as their own. Three-story men idealize, imagine, predict; their best illumination comes from above through the skylight.

-- Oliver Wendell Holmes



# Editorial

The famous Latin poet, Ovid, once wrote. "Nothing is swifter than the years." We think of this when we realize that three years at Hugh John Macdonald have sped by leaving us but a host of memories. During this time, under the careful guidance of our teachers, we have learned many things to prepare us both for the high school ahead of us and also for the times after that when we come face to face with life itself, and set out into the world to make our livings.

These three years have taught us, also to be generous with others, and not to act as little children. We have learned, academically, from the best of teaching and have been prepared for more to come. These years are gone; they can never come back - have we made the most of them? If we have, then we have built an impregnable foundation that cannot be shaken.

We want to thank our staff of associates for their energetic help in making this yearbook interesting, helpful, and even humorous. It contains the school's activities, literary works, pictures, and write-ups of this year's graduating classes.

A note of thanks goes to the staff of teachers who kindly aided us in the production. To Mr. Smalley who directed our work go special thanks.

Lola Cuddy  
Editor-in-Chief

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Another school year is coming to a close, another stepping stone into the veiled future of our lives.

The precious years which we spent at the Hugh John Macdonald as students, in a measure, will determine the course of our lives. Many of us will go on to higher education; to us going on is given, as it were, a torch which we must carry forward. We are the only ones who can make this torch burn brightly, not by pleasure nor idleness, but through hard work.

School life will have a different meaning for us when we see the education for which we strive as a star, so near and yet so far away. It seems as if we can never reach it. Yet we must fight on to reach that on which we have set our eyes. Will we succeed? We have a chance; let us not pass it by, it may not return a second time.

Jerry Diwishek  
Associate Editor



VALEDICTORYBy Lola Cuddy

Mr. Patterson, Honoured Guests, Fellow Graduates, Students, and Friends.

May I express my appreciation to those who have given me the opportunity of speaking to you this afternoon on behalf of the graduating class. It is indeed an honor for which I am very grateful.

When we left elementary school we felt we had acquired all the education we needed. Coming to junior high, we soon found out differently. We were only in grade seven and the stretch between us and the grade nine's was enormous - three whole years! Almost discouraged, we felt we could never go through those three years successfully and become a member of that respected class - grade nine.

Now those three years are actually behind us. Contrary to those early beliefs each school year just sped by and in no time at all we were in grade nine, only to find that even then we didn't know all there was to know.

During those years many outstanding events have taken place. The past year has brought us the excitement of the school Christmas concert, the festival in which our choirs did so well, parents' night, the variety concert and all the games our sports teams have played in and made such a good showing for our school. Then, too, four times a year we pored over text books loath to give up their knowledge and on the following day we courageously faced glory or defeat before those papers that wanted to know all that we didn't. Now, all this is over, and we have come upon a new path.

Senior high school lies ahead of us. This is a new stretch on the road of life and we are facing unknown and interesting courses. We must meet these courageously. There will be work to do, but who can get anywhere without work? Not everything will come easily on this road we are going to follow. Perhaps some of us will give up, but those of us who are willing to continue will gain the knowledge that will help us so greatly in later years.

Many problems will face us in our first high school year. Our classes, as we know them in Hugh John Macdonald, will be broken up and we will be scattered among many grade ten classes. We shall meet new classmates and new teachers. Those who make up their minds to pass a successful year will adapt themselves to these new conditions.

Some of us here may not for various reasons go to senior high school. To these I express the hope that they will be able to carry on in a worthy manner and continue successfully in the careers they have chosen.

To help us face the life ahead, it would be well to build ideals. Of course, to do our work to the best of our ability should be one, but tolerance, fairness, and honesty are ideals we should consider equal in importance.

Hugh John Macdonald has helped us to develop these traits. With the understanding guidance of our teachers we have acquired the education we needed. We have developed socially too, having met and made new friends. We have learned that scholarship, although important, is not everything, and that a student can earn much respect by being just in his personal contacts. Our teachers have taught us that co-operation is especially important in order to have a class that can team up to meet difficult situations as they arise. Through our physical

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education, we have realized the importance of being fair and honest. Through our study of music and art we have come to appreciate beauty. For all these opportunities we owe gratitude to our country for enabling us to take advantage of learning so that we may be fitted to take our place as citizens.

To the staff of Hugh John Macdonald we, the graduating class, owe our fervent gratitude. At times, our subjects were tedious and difficult, but we even survived algebra, and were guided through by our teachers. They were the patient helpers in times of distress. Special thanks go to Mr. Patterson, our much respected principal, for his wise and able leadership. We would also like to thank our parents for their helpfulness, understanding and interest in our school life.

With the end of this school year we shall have finished our schooling at Hugh John Macdonald. Many a time have we opened these doors, our arms laden with books, to be met by the cheery smiles of our friends. Entering our rooms we were greeted by our teachers, and settled down in our desks to begin a new day. Now our time here has passed, but we will always remember Hugh John Macdonald - the place where we learned to leave elementary ways behind and to prepare for our senior life.

In closing, may I express to my classmates the hope that they will do well in their chosen fields, and to extend to them my best wishes for their future success.



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# HONOR ROLL

8

Students whose average for the year is eighty percent or over:

## Grade IX

Lola Lane Cuddy  
Irene Lisowecki  
Albert Harvey  
Albert Korbutiak  
Edward Zebrowski  
Frederick Macki

Hartmut Schroeder  
Gary Stephanson  
Ruth Koch  
Victoria Barfield  
Juliet Penner  
Machiko Shibuya

## Grade VIII

Loretta Burnett  
Helene Diwishek  
Sandra Dolberg  
Phyllis Johnson  
Inge Kornelson  
Gertrude Manners  
Mary Maticio  
Elsie Nagy  
Elsie Sader  
Joyce Schroeder  
Eleanor Seeley  
Jeanne Shigeta

Jeane Sorba  
Sonia Zyla  
Donna Greshko  
Carol Todd  
Deanna Love  
Joe Flett  
Henry Klassen  
Ralph Kundel  
Alan Lampart  
Jerry Macki  
David McBride  
Alex Shkut

## Grade VII

Joan Miki  
Wanda Zebrowski  
Judy Yoshino  
Dorian Wolowiec  
Olga Uchaz  
Allison Shepperd  
Linda Richter  
Gail Kellett  
Margaret Hanner  
Georgina Gregory  
Gail Cooke  
Donna Chase  
Geraldine Best

Judy Wolchuk  
Don Bessler  
Jim Cartmill  
Garry Harland  
Fred Hoffman  
Patrick Kostynicuk  
Pat Krescy  
Alfred Lasar  
Kenneth Maskiw  
Harvey Moborg  
Allan Richmond  
Russell Stasiuk  
Brenda Flannana



# MERIT-AWARDS

## PERFECT ATTENDANCE AND PUNCTUALITY

Albert Korbutiak  
Frederick Macki  
Clarissa Burjack  
Helga Dahlke  
Frieda Jackson  
Beryl Kellett  
Joan Simpson  
Kazuo Suga  
Betty Bergen  
Phyllis Gutoski  
Gertrude Manners  
Jerry Browsey  
Henry Klassen  
David McBride

Alex Shkut  
Joan Ferguson  
Earl Foster  
Bernard Braun  
Ronald Stupak  
Bob Litynski  
Carolie Collins  
Linda Kravtsov  
Marion Nairne  
Dorian Wolowiec  
Noreen Wonnek  
Jim Cartmill  
Henry Chang  
Harry Dyck  
Patrick Kostyniuk

Alfred Lasar  
Young Lim  
Harvey Moberg  
Verner Riediger  
John Simmonds  
Russell Stasiuk  
Nancy Suga  
Sally Yamane  
Don Wong  
John Nestagh  
Kathleen Philip  
Alvin Stupak  
Mervin Roach  
Lillian Barron

## PERFECT ATTENDANCE

Audrey Peterson  
Jerry Diwishek  
Yvonne Johnson  
Sonia Zyla  
Olga Homik  
Janice Smith  
Sam Cascisa  
Ronald Young  
James Stewart  
Stewart Foster

Dorian Wolowiec  
Carolie Collins  
Linda Kravtsov  
Noreen Wonnek  
Marion Nairne  
Hildegard Rosentreter  
Marjorie Bannish  
Rosemarie Beaque  
Elfrieda Buhr  
Cecile Green

Nellie Sawatsky  
Joan Glugosh  
Peter Friesen  
Fee Wong  
Lai Yun  
Victor Penner  
Marcel Ducharme  
Bill Connors  
Mow Lee  
Verlie Oig

## ATHLETICS

Alan Hendrickson  
Ruth Koch  
Lloyd Betker  
Paul Borys  
Irene Mol  
Shirley Tomsic  
Anne Victoruk

Eleanor Seeley  
Marilyn Gilbert  
Vivian Holmes  
Brian Hampton  
Sam Cascisa  
Leroy Clarke  
Lorne Huff

Gail Kellett  
Pat Krescy  
Bob Wilwand  
Shirley Rodgers  
Margaret Crow  
Lai Yun

Ron Coulombe  
Shuk Dong  
Garry Stephanson

## INDUSTRIAL ARTS

Henry Klassen  
Henry Roik  
Horst Mielke

Don Wong  
Fee Wong  
Lai Yun

Lola Cuddy

## HOME ECONOMICS

Doreen Gutoski

## MUSIC

Lola Cuddy



# GRADUATES



SHIK  
DONG





S. Ashman



J. Walker



L. Cuddy



I. Lisowecki



L. Funk



K. Sawatsky



A. Motyka



M. Cann



J. Brown

Room  
8



E. Cutting



H. Cusson



A. Peterson



M. Pronskus

9A



A. Hendrickson



J. Holt



W. Lim



T. McGowan



W. Jordan



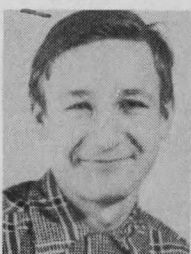
R. Pearson



J. Diwishek



M. Harris



F. Macki



E. Zebrowski



J. Marsch



B. Rae



P. Funk



S. Gussie



E. Priess



A. Korbutiak



A. Harvey



G. Stephanson

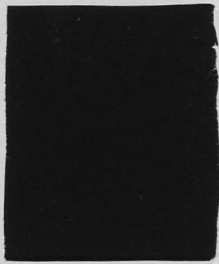


H. Schroeder



R. Parker

Room  
8



# 9A Room 8

Sharon Ashman:

Soc. Studies is the subject she likes best,  
In this she's on top in every test.  
She is Mr. Belton's pet,  
And for him she'll work and sweat.

Joan Brown:

Joan is a pal of Miss McVeigh  
And very seldom does she stay away.

Maurine Cann:

A lively lass without a care,  
She is always in the teachers' hair.  
A lawyer Maurine wants to be,  
And this we would all like to see.

Lola Cuddy:

A studious lass  
Who always comes first in class  
If you want a friend that's true  
Call on Lola, she'll be nice to you.

Helen Cusson:

In school she does quite well,  
And all the kids think she's swell.  
A nurse she wants to be,  
A fine one she'll make, it seems to me.

Eleanor Cutting:

A girl we like more and more  
Is our cheerful chum, Eleanor.  
She wants to be a nurse,  
And we are sure she will succeed.

Lillian Funk:

In our class we have a girl named Lillian.  
A girl like her is found one in a million.  
In art she is a whiz  
And in spelling she always wins the quiz.

Irene Lisowecki:

A whiz at declining the Latin noun  
You never see her wearing a frown.  
She's good at English, Maths too,  
And is hard to beat; certainly true.

Alice Motyka:

Alice is a cute little blonde  
Of whom we are very fond  
In the morning she is always bright.

Audry Peterson:

Audry has music in her life  
And someday she'll make a good wife.  
But now she has the violin on her mind,  
So she leaves the boys behind.

Mirga Pronskus:

Mirga is a sprightly lass  
Whom we like to have in our class  
Always laughing and merry  
Her ambition is to be a secretary.

Katie Sawatsky:

Katie is a swell gal  
Who does her homework well  
She wants to be a teacher.

Joyce Walker:

Her homework's always done  
And is full of jolly fun.

Jerry Diwishek:

Jerry D., an ambitious lad,  
In all his studies is not bad.  
Besides being president of the class  
He's pretty smart; surely he'll pass.

Paul Funk:

A loyal classmate, and true  
The teacher makes sure he has lots to do.

Stewart Gussie:

Stewart Gussie's in our humour group,  
If anything goes wrong, he gets in the  
soup.

He tries to obey each rule.

Morris Harris:

Soc. St. is his best subject,  
To be an accountant is his object.  
In basketball he's really on the go,  
He's six foot two--- Harris, Moe.

Albert Harvey:

He wants to be a mountie,  
Does very well in history.  
He also rugby likes to play  
That's Albert Harvey, Yea!!!

Allan Hendrickson:

Another bright lad from room eight  
Who gets his numbers straight.  
In cadets, he's almost high brass.  
He's mathematician of our class.

John Holt:

When asked what he wanted to be,  
"I want to be a man," says he.  
This fellow's really bold.  
Who is it? Why it's joker, John Holt.

Wayne Jordan:

Wayne Jordan wants to be a test pilot.  
In P.T. he's a perfect acrobat.

Jack Marsch:

In school his jokes are really hot  
You'll have to laugh, like it or not.  
With him the teachers aren't too harsh,  
He's our "wood-be" dentist, Jack Marsch.

Thor McGowan:

A jolly lad is Thor McGowan,  
Everybody likes to know him.  
In school-work he shows little pep,  
He manages to keep in step.

Ralph Parker:

This boy Parker, on the tee,  
Is of special quality.  
When it comes to playing trumpet,  
You're bound to listen, like it or lump it.

Roy Pearson:

Smiling Roy Pearson is a nice dark lad  
And makes all the girls go mad.  
When it comes time for an exam,  
This boy Pearson tries to take it on lam.

Ernest Priess:

Erny Priess, a boy who "learns"  
Everything the teacher tells.

Brian Rae:

About himself, he's got a lot to say,  
That's handsome, smiling, Brian Rae.

Hartmut Schroeder:

Who is this little perambulator?  
Who never leaves his work for later?  
Who sails through exams with hand on  
rudder,  
Who? Of course, Hartmut Schroeder.

Albert Korbutiak:

A whiz is he at history,  
He's going to university.  
To be a doctor is his aim.  
Albert Korbutiak is his name.

Fred Macki:

He's a quiet lad in school  
Who always has his homework done.  
An Engineer he plans to be.  
We're sure, Fred, you'll succeed.

Garry Stephanson:

A basketball player he fancies to be,  
Although later he'll take astronomy.  
In school he does not tarry,  
That's our boy, Stephanson, Garry.

Eddie Zebrowski:

Zebrowski has a name,  
Which leaves him at the last.  
But never the-less each exam,  
With good standing he has passed.

Bill Lim:

Bill is clever you can see.  
Does very well in history.  
He always has his homework done,  
His school work he does not shun.

Mr. McWilliams:

Mr. McWilliams is a good Irish gent,  
Who for teaching we think was meant.  
Though we met him only last September,  
He's one pedagogue We'll ever remember.



V.Barfield H. Dahlke D.Gutoski C. Jordan I. Mol M.Shibuya K. Suga



J.Brentnall R.A.Dyck C.Burjack R. Koch T.Nakata J.Simpson S.Tomsic



M.L. Jacklin

# 9B Room 12



A. Victorak



S.Butler D.Gardner F.Jackson B.Kellett J.Nielsen P.Singh M.Wakaruk



B.Boittiaux V.Eaton N.Cox T.McNaughton J.Penner M.A.Smith G.Jardine



P.Giesbrecht M.White Y.Johnston P.McGowan V.Sarna J.Stubb L.Zavislak



# 9B Room 2

Victoria Barfield:

A clever little Miss,  
Science is her special interest.

Jean Brentnall:

Giving teachers headaches,  
That's our Jean Brentnall.

Clarissa Burjack:

The quiet type,  
But don't let that fool you.  
She's good in art.  
To be a designer is her aim.

Sylvia Butler:

For singing, Sylvia is our gal,  
She is everyone's pal.  
Her hair is blonde, her eyes are blue.

Betty Brittiaux:

Work and play don't mix--So why work?  
Known as Elizabeth to Mr. Belton.  
Ambition--housewife.

Noreen Cox:

Laughing and talking all the while,  
That's our Noreen; always has a smile.  
A girl whose hair has that natural curl.

Holga Dahlke:

Has soft brown hair and hazel eyes.  
She is the type the teachers emphasize.  
For her quiet manner and efficient ways  
Make her a favourite in work or play.

RoseAnne Dyck:

Her favourite passtime--  
Getting on the teachers' nerves.

Verna Eaton:

A cute lass in 9B  
Who is nice to know.

Doreen Gardner:

Doreen to L.N.H. loves to go.  
When she's there she's all aglow.  
Has many a friend,  
For no one will she offend.

Patsy Giesbrecht:

Patsy is the gal  
Whom everyone likes to have as a pal.  
She is tall and has eyes of blue.  
Girls like her are very few.

Doreen Guteski:

A girl who's always smiling,  
And nods a warm "hello!"  
Is our pal Doreen Guteski,  
A girl you ought to know.

MaryLou Jacklin:

Friendly, always looks her best.  
Likes her fun and with you will jest.

Frieda Jackson:

A green-eyed Irish lass.  
Does well in Mr. Kahana's class.

Gail Jardine:

Work fascinates her--she likes to  
look at it.

Yvonne Johnson:

Yvonne's as funny as a clown.  
Only homework can make her frown.  
In volleyball she makes a hit.

Carol Jordan:

An Irish lass with dark brown hair,  
Scholar of our brainy lair.  
As a nurse in the armed forces she'll  
do her part.

Beryl Kellett:

We wonder who is her beau.  
I know for sure she has one or two,  
For every week there is someone new.

Ruth Koch:

In sports the top is held by Ruth,  
She's good in school; that's the truth.  
She goes to L.N.H. every Friday night.  
She's pretty, that is right.

Treasure McNaughton:

Treasure, a new-comer to our class,  
Now feels at home,  
For she's an attractive lass.

Pat McGowan:

Any boy's dream is this Irish lass,  
Hopes and prays that she'll pass.  
She has blue eyes and a temper that's  
: quick,  
Just thinking of French makes her sick.

Irene McI:

A friend of everyone is Irene McI,  
We all admit she's quite a doll.  
Never says an unkind word to anyone.

Theresa Nakata:

Always laughing, that's our Terry,  
When out of school she's still more merry.  
We'd like to know who's the guy  
That's always making our Terry sigh.

June Nielsen:

In sports June is really tops.  
Her long hair is one of her beauties.  
To keep it is one of her duties.

Juliet Penner:

A pleasant girl and kind at heart,  
In school is really smart.  
She's awfully cute and full of glee  
When seen with someone in 9C.

Victoria Sarna:

Vicky, who is an import from 9A  
Instead of work would rather play.

Joan Simpson:

A friend of the class is Joan Simpson  
Full of pranks and full of fun.

Pauline Singh:

Women of tomorrow--today she's resting

MaryAnne Smith:

A cute little gal  
Who tries hard in school.  
She's everyone's pal.

Jeanette Stubb:

Has brown hair and eyes of blue.  
She's cute and lots of fun too.

Kazue Suga:

Une petite fille of the 9B class.  
She gets along with everyone.

Machiko Shibuya:

One of the friendliest girls.  
She has many a pal.  
Good in school, pretty and neat.  
When dancing, is light on her feet.

Shirley Tomsic:

Cute and neat.  
Her singing is sweet.

Anne Victorin:

In school Anne's nowhere near a flop  
She likes to give to the "Bo-bop".

Martha Wakaruk:

A gal with long black hair.  
Hasn't a worry or a care.

Mae White:

A girl who is light and fair  
Nice to know and has blonde hair.

Lillian Zavislak:

Liked by everyone is our Lil  
For a true friend is she.



# 9C

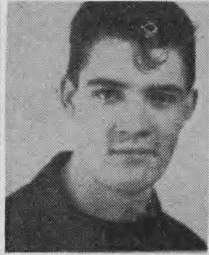
P. Baldwin

B. Corrigan

K. Langston

B. Hilderman

Room  
13



W. Bell

R. Coulombe

D. Johnson

H. Page

M. Ledingham



L. Betker

S. Dong

R. Johnson

A. Nagam

F. Parks

L. Siles



P. Borys

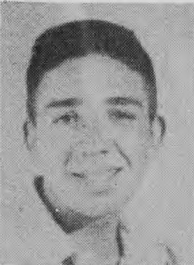
E. Durbaz

L. Klump

E. Nicholson

J. Parks

F. Soon



J. Carriere

P. Geres

G. Knight

D. O'Dell

G. Pennock

S. Tenkal



J. Collins

H. Gegerash

J. Kousof

O. Ozubko

G. Searcy

G. Watkins



ary Knight:

Tall and has blonde hair.  
Is an active member of our  
ambitious lair.  
For the girls this lad doesn't go,  
But a certain someone in 9A is fond  
of him, I know.

Joan Parks:

A fair and blonde girl  
Whose hair has lots of curl.  
She is very good in Art,  
And in all she takes a part.

Georgina Searcy:

n Langston:

Ken is the curly-haired 9C boy,  
Who to his class has brought great joy.  
On the "Searchlight" he represents  
our class  
And he always gives us lots of laughs.

A black haired beauty  
Who we all think is a cutie.  
Adds attraction to 9C.

rion Ledingham:

Always has a smile  
Which can be seen from a mile.  
Came first in class last Dec.

Lyle Siles:

The 9C prankster.  
Soc.St. is the subject he  
likes best.  
In this he passes every test.

in Nagam:

His heart and mind are in 9B,  
That will come out of it we're  
waiting to see.

Fung Soon:

Comes to school to learn, hear,  
and see.  
After school a waiter is he.  
In gym, you'll hear him call  
"Hurry up, get the basketball".

er Nicholson:

In English he is a scholar,  
In Maths he passes us by far  
And his ambition is to work for  
the C.P.R.

Sheila Tenkal:

P.T. periods she greatly enjoys.  
This gal, Sheila, can sing well  
And as a friend she's simply  
swell.

reen O'Dell:

A girl with hair of jet black.  
She does her homework by the stacks.  
Always helps with all she can  
And she will, I'm sure, easily hook  
a man.

Gloria Watkins:

Gloria is a quiet lass  
Who, for sure, will make a pass.  
For singing she has a good voice  
And with all she rates first  
choice.

a Ozubko:

lga seldom has her homework done  
But she is always full of fun.

Harvey Page:

Our 9A refugee  
And our class is glad to have  
him.

rence Parks:

His ambition is to become an elect-  
rician.

another beauty of 9C  
Who of homework would like to be  
free.

9C

Room 13

Pam Baldwin:

Has developed the art of "silence"  
 In a high degree  
 And a stenographer she wants to be.

Wynne Bell:

The only redhead in the class.  
 Happy, jovial, and full of fun.  
 But mention homework and she's on  
 the run.

Lloyd Betker:

He's tall, light, and handsome.  
 Someday he'll get a fine girl's  
 ransom.  
 He has lots of fun in his dad's  
 Studebaker.  
 But in school he's always pulling  
 some caner.

Paul Borys:

This boy Paul is quite a guy,  
 And over him many girls do sigh.

Jack Carriere:

In basketball he stars.  
 Interested in cars.  
 He plans someday to own a Chev,  
 And riding beside him will be Bev.

Jerry Collins:

Quiet, courteous, and considerate.  
 A carpenter or railroader he hopes  
 to be.

Bill Corrigan:

He's tall and full of fun,  
 His schoolwork is always done.

Ron Coulombe:

Ron is very quiet in school,  
 Still has to learn the 9 o'clock  
 rule.  
 Commercial Art is his goal.

Shuk Dong:

After school a waiter is he  
 Noted for his courtesy.

Eddie Durhaz:

Although in Soc.St. he's no  
 ton,  
 In P.T. he's far from a flo

Pat Geres:

Pat Geres has blonde curls  
 And in dancing she really w

Helen Gregorash:

Class genius of 9C.  
 Quiet but has lots of wit,  
 And with all she makes a hit

Beverly Hilderman:

Bev is quite a gal.  
 She's everyone's pal.  
 Cute and has brown hair.  
 And in everything she is fai

Doreen Johnson:

She's known far and wide.  
 Dependable and cheery hopes  
 to be a secretary.

Roy Johnson:

The quiet boy in our class  
 Will make his mark.

Laura Klum:

A blonde haired beauty of 9C,  
 If you don't believe us look  
 and see.

Joyce Couser:

Joyce is a good sport,  
 Has brown hair and eyes of bl  
 And to all is a friend that's  
 true.

Our New Teachers

By Sharon Ashman and Lillian Funk

Last September six new teachers came to the H.J. Macdonald staff. These teachers are: Mr. Bjornson, Mr. Dick, Mr. Cooke, Mrs. Mabb, Miss Redmond and Mr. McKillop.

Mrs. Mabb

Mrs. Mabb, a teacher of English and Maths, attended her Elementary and High School at Gimli, Man. For her degree she went to the University of Manitoba, and there she received a number of awards. In the second year, she received The John Humphery Graham Scholarship. In the third year, she received The Isbister Scholarship and The Andrew Baird Scholarship. In the fourth year, she received the University's Silver Medal and The Governor General's Bronze Medal.

Mrs. Mabb likes our school, the boys and girls, and the staff. She picked teaching because she enjoyed working with boys and girls. Her favourite subject is Maths.

Mr. Bjornson

Mr. Bjornson had his Elementary and High School at Lundar, Man., attended United College in Winnipeg, and received his Bachelor of Education from the University of Man.

He likes teaching at Hugh John and gets along with the teachers and pupils. Mr. Bjornson's favourite subjects are Maths and English.

Miss Redmond

Miss Redmond taught at Lord Roberts before she came here. For her Elementary and High School training, she went to St. Mary's Academy. At the University of Manitoba she received her B.A. and also a French Prize. At Normal School she received The Strathcona Trust Medal for Physical Training.

Miss Redmond likes teaching the boys and girls at our school and thinks the other teachers are friendly. Her favourite subjects are French and English.

Mr. Dick

Mr. Dick had his Elementary and High School training at Winkler, Man. and holds a B.A. degree from the University of Man. He is now studying for his Bachelor of Education degree. He picked teaching as his profession because he had always enjoyed working with children.

Previous to coming to H.J. he taught at Lord Roberts School.

Mr. Dick likes our school and the pupils that attend it. He also enjoys the companionship of the other teachers.

The subjects Mr. Dick teaches are Science, Maths, English, and Social Studies.

Mr. McKillop

In his boyhood, Mr. McKillop attended the Rural School from grades one to eight, and the Dauphin Collegiate from grades nine to twelve. He entered the United College to study Theology and received scholarships in Theology, Public Speaking and Canadian History. He also received his B.A. degree.

He organized Summer Camps for Young People and found that he greatly enjoyed working with them. This led him toward the teaching profession.

He says, "Teaching started as a hobby, and has now become a watershed down which my life intends to flow".

He prefers to teach woodwork because he has always been interested in crafts and has found them an excellent medium for the co-ordinating and development of the hand, heart and mind.

Previous to coming to Hugh John, Mr. McKillop taught at Tech Voch.

Indeed we are happy to have each and everyone of these teachers with us and we hope that they will remain at our school for many years to come.

Our Coronation Programme  
By Sharon Ashman

On Monday, June 1st, 1953, the students and staff of our school assembled in the auditorium for our Coronation Day service.

The programme was opened by our singing of O Canada, accompanied at the piano by Jeanne Shigeta. Lynne Kritzer read the 122nd Psalm and Sonia Zyla gave the benediction of York's prayer. This was followed by the members of the Girl's Glee Club singing "The Cherry Tree and the Hymn for Elizabeth. During the singing of the latter, they were joined by the boys from Rooms 2 and 11.

The chairman, Mr. McWilliams, left with us two simple thoughts. They were: "We have this form of government (a Queen at its head) because we want it. We have a holiday and we can celebrate it the way we want to." He told us to keep these in mind because they would come to mean much to us in years to come.

An address entitled "Meaning of The Coronation" was given by Miss Crookshanks. She explained the procession, from the Palace to the Abbey, and also helped us visualize the colourful pageantry of the ceremony.

Mr. Craig, a visitor from the Empire Club, was especially pleased to come to our school, for as a child he had known and admired Sir Hugh John Macdonald, after whom our school is named.

The next on the programme were remarks about the unveiling of the Queen's picture by Mr. Kahana. Following these, Gary Knight and Daniel Kramer, representing the Sea Cadets and the Army Cadets, came to a salute while Allan Hendrickson drummed. Brian Critchly then unveiled a portrait of the Queen.

Mr. Shewfelt presented the representatives of each class with Coronation souvenirs - certificates and medallions to be distributed to all students. The service was closed by the singing of two verses of God Save the Queen.

The Hugh John Macdonald Graduation  
By Sharon Ashman

The grade nine classes of Hugh John Macdonald were privileged to have a graduation service and dance held in their honor, on Thursday, June 11, 1953. The service was held in Old St. Andrews Church and commenced at 2 o'clock.

As the grade nines entered, all of the guests and pupils were standing. After the graduates assembled, O Canada was sung. The invocation was given by Rev. Fred Douglas. Following this the School Orchestra, conducted by Miss Howard, played two of their pieces for us.

Mr. Patterson called on Mr. McWilliams to introduce the valedictorian and to tell us on what basis she was chosen. Lola Cuddy delivered her valedictory which is recorded elsewhere in this issue.

Mr. Patterson spoke about the school emblem. He explained the tradition of emblems and told us that ours represented the world into which we shall soon have to go to earn our livings.

After this, Lloyd Betker, carrying the school emblem, spoke to Sonia Zyla, the grade eight representative, telling her that as the grade nines left Hugh John Macdonald they wanted those remaining to carry on and to uphold the school's honor. He explained to her, the necessity of scholarship, leadership, dependability, co-operation, and willingness. Sonia said that they accepted the challenge and that they would carry on as best they could, trying to keep up the standard of the school.

Next on the programme was the giving out of awards. These were presented to grades 7, 8, and 9 by Mr. Shewfelt, Mr. Kahane, and Miss Brookshanks, to the members of the school who had averages over eighty percent and also to those who had perfect attendance. Mr. McWilliams presented the Sir William Van Horne Shield, which was won in the musical festival by the Girl's Glee Club, to Shiela Tenkal of 9C.

Our guest, Rev. Douglas, spoke to the graduating classes. He told them that they should set an example for the lower classes for, because they were older, they would be looked up to just as they themselves might look up to and admire some certain teacher, parent, or elder.

To close the programme the grade nine choir sang Linden Lea, Grimond, and Ave Maria.

This was the first graduation service that Hugh John Macdonald had ever held, and the graduating classes were very grateful for it.

The dance followed in the evening in the school's gaily coloured auditorium. There were waltzes, schottisches, polkas, square dances and other entertainments. At 10:30 refreshments were served.

On behalf of the graduates I would like to extend a word of thanks to Mr. Patterson and the teachers who helped to make this wonderful event possible. We surely appreciated it.



The Meaning of the Coronation ServiceBy Miss Doris A. Crookshanks

If we were in London now instead of Winnipeg it would be about nine o'clock at night, and all about us there would be excitement, for tomorrow Queen Elizabeth II is to be crowned in Westminster Abbey. The streets would be crowded and many would be taking up places on the curbs to wait all night for a glimpse of the Queen as she goes to the Abbey, or returns after the crowning.

The crowds along the streets will see not one procession but nine separate processions, beginning about eight o'clock in the morning. First will be the Lord Mayor of London, then the Speaker of the House of Commons; next members of the Royal Family; then visiting Royalty; following them will be the Prime Ministers of the Commonwealth; then will come the other members of the Royal Family; then Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother with Princess Margaret; and last of all in the State Coach, which was built in 1762, and drawn by eight grey horses will come the Queen in a crimson velvet robe, accompanied by her husband, the Duke of Edinburgh, in an Admiral's uniform of blue and gold.

Westminster Abbey will be silent to-night, but not empty for not long ago the regalia for the Coronation - the Crowns (St. Edward's and the Imperial State Crown) the sceptres, spurs, swords of State, the Orb, the Ampulla containing the anointing oil, the spoon, the ring, and the robe of State - have all been delivered from the Tower of London. These will be carefully guarded until after the ceremony when they will be once more returned to the Tower.

Queen Elizabeth will be the 38th sovereign to be crowned in the Abbey. The first crowning there took place almost 900 years ago, when William the Conqueror was crowned on Christmas Day 1066. That day the Norman soldiers, misunderstanding the Saxon shouts of acknowledgement, rushed into the Abbey and set fire to some buildings near by. Smoke drove the people out of the Church and William, trembling for perhaps the only time in his life, was crowned in an almost empty Church.

The Coronation tomorrow will be very different from that first one, for every detail has been carefully rehearsed by the principal figures to make it as nearly perfect as possible. The service will last about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  hours instead of the 5 hours which were required for the Coronation of Queen Victoria. After that ceremony the Archbishop said: "We ought to have had a rehearsal" for almost everything went wrong - from the Archbishop's placing the ring on the wrong finger to the Bishop's turning over two pages of the book containing the ceremony - an error not noticed until afterward.

There have been changes made in the form of the Coronation service from time to time but one thing remains unchanged through the years: the old grey stone Abbey. But tomorrow it will be a blaze of colour, the walls will be hung with specially designed and woven drapery; the cold stone floors will be covered with soft carpet; there will be the scarlet and purple robes of the peers and peeresses mingled with the more sombre black and white of the costumes of the 7500 people who are privileged to be in the Abbey; all this will be high-lighted with splashes of colour from the beautiful stained glass windows.

The central figure in this ceremony is a young woman whom most of you saw when she came to Winnipeg as the Princess Elizabeth. For her it will be a day of great solemnity, for it is the day on which she dedicates herself, in a religious service, to the service of her people. To-night the Queen will spend some time in the Abbey in solitary prayer as a preparation for the service tomorrow.



When the Queen celebrated her 21st birthday in Cape Town, South Africa, on April 21st, 1947 she spoke these words over the Radio: "There is a motto which has been borne by many of my ancestors - a noble motto, "I serve". These words were an inspiration to many bygone heirs to the throne when they made their knightly dedication as they came to manhood. I cannot do quite as they did but through the invention of science, I can do what was not possible for any of them - I can make my solemn act of dedication with a whole Empire listening. I should like to make my dedication now. It is very simple. I declare before you that my whole life, whether it be long or short, shall be devoted to your service and to the service of the great Imperial family to which we all belong."

From Sandringham last Christmas Day the Queen concluded her message thus: "At my Coronation next June, I shall dedicate myself anew to your service. I shall do so in the presence of a very large congregation, drawn from every part of the Commonwealth and Empire, while millions outside Westminster Abbey will hear the promises and prayers being offered up within its walls, and see much of the ancient ceremony in which Kings and Queens before me have taken part through centuries upon centuries. You will be keeping it as a holiday; but I want to ask you all, whatever religion you may be, to pray for me on that day - to pray that God may give me wisdom and strength to carry out the solemn promises I shall be making, and that I may faithfully serve him and you all the days of my life."

Tomorrow the Coronation Service will be the public dedication of our Queen to the responsibilities and duties which have come to her.

Every part of the Service has a special meaning, and because I think you will understand it better when you hear the Service tomorrow, I shall try to explain the various parts to you.

As the Queen enters the Abbey by the great west door, she is greeted by "Long live Queen Elizabeth" shouted in Latin by the boys from Westminster school who have claimed this privilege for twelve coronations. The choir inside the Abbey breaks into the anthem, "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the House of the Lord". This anthem has been sung at every coronation since the time of Charles I who was crowned in 1625.

When the Queen reaches a raised dais or platform on which is the Coronation Chair - St. Edward's Chair made in 1297 and with the Stone of Scone enclosed in it, she turns to the four corners of the Abbey and the Archbishop of Canterbury says each time she turns, "Sirs, I here present unto you Queen Elizabeth, your undoubted Queen; Wherefore all you who are come this day to do your homage and service, Are you willing to do the same?"

And the people will shout, "God Save Queen Elizabeth."

A fanfare of silver trumpets will sound and the Queen will then return to her chair and swear her solemn oaths and promises to govern her peoples truly and with justice and mercy. A Bible is presented to her as a symbol of the sacredness of these oaths and promises.

This is followed by solemn prayers and responses, by the anointing with oil on the palms of both hands, on her breast and the crown of her head. In turn the Queen receives the spurs, (a symbol of chivalry), the sword of State, the royal robe of gold cloth, the orb, and sceptres.

The final step in crowning is, of course, the placing of St. Edward's crown upon the Queen's head. The Archbishop, after laying the crown on the altar, will place it on the Queen's head and when the shouts of "God save the Queen" have died away, will say, "God crown you with a crown of glory and righteousness."

At this same moment the guns on the Tower of London will boom. In Hyde Park and at Windsor Castle a 41 gun salute will announce the crowning to the crowds gathered in these places.

Then the Archbishop will kneel before the Queen, kiss her hand and repeat his promises "to be faithful and true to her".

The second person to pay homage to the newly crowned Queen will be Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, followed by the Queen's uncle, the Duke of Gloucester and her young cousin, the Duke of Kent.

Next the senior Peer of each group will pay his homage by touching the crown to show his willingness to support it with all his power.

When the ceremony of homage has ended, drums will beat, trumpets will sound and all the people will shout, "God save Queen Elizabeth, Long live Queen Elizabeth, May the Queen live forever."

This will be followed by the singing of the hymn "All people that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice; Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell, Come ye before him and rejoice."

The remaining part of the service consists of the serving of communion to the Queen, prayers by the Archbishop of Canterbury, an anthem sung by the massed choir, the returning of St. Edward's Crown to the Altar, and the placing of the Imperial State Crown upon the Queen's head.

Attended by those whose privilege it is, the Queen wearing the crown and carrying the orb and sceptre, leaves the Abbey by the Great West Door - and we, too, can join the shouts of the throngs in the streets, "Long to reign over us, God save the Queen."

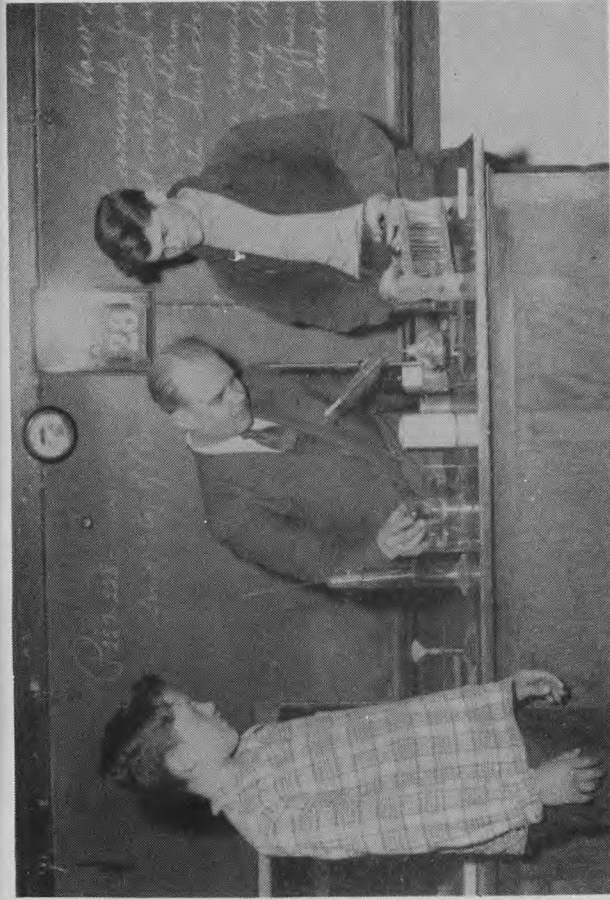
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#### MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR QUEEN MARY By Lillian Funk and Alice Motyka

The service in commemoration of the late Queen Mary was opened by Mr. Patterson reading Psalm 90. We bowed our heads and repeated the Lord's Prayer. We then sang "Abide With Me", Queen Mary's favourite hymn which was also sung at her funeral.

Mr. Patterson then called upon Mr. Wolfe who said that the late Queen Mary was as old as the Dominion of Canada -- 85 years. In 1893 she married at the age of twenty-six, and her husband became King in 1910.

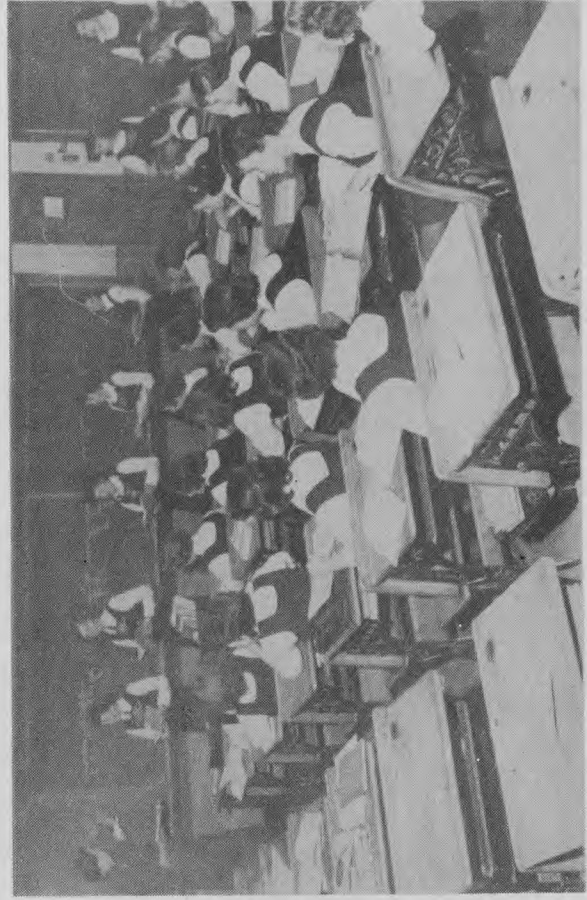
The death of Queen Mary was a great loss to the country. The prestige of the Royal Family throughout the Empire and throughout the world is in large measure due to her sound judgment and firm character. Queen Mary did everything possible to help England. Her motto might well have been "Service and Duty".



COLLECTING PURE OXYGEN



INSTRUCTION PRECEDES EXPRESSION



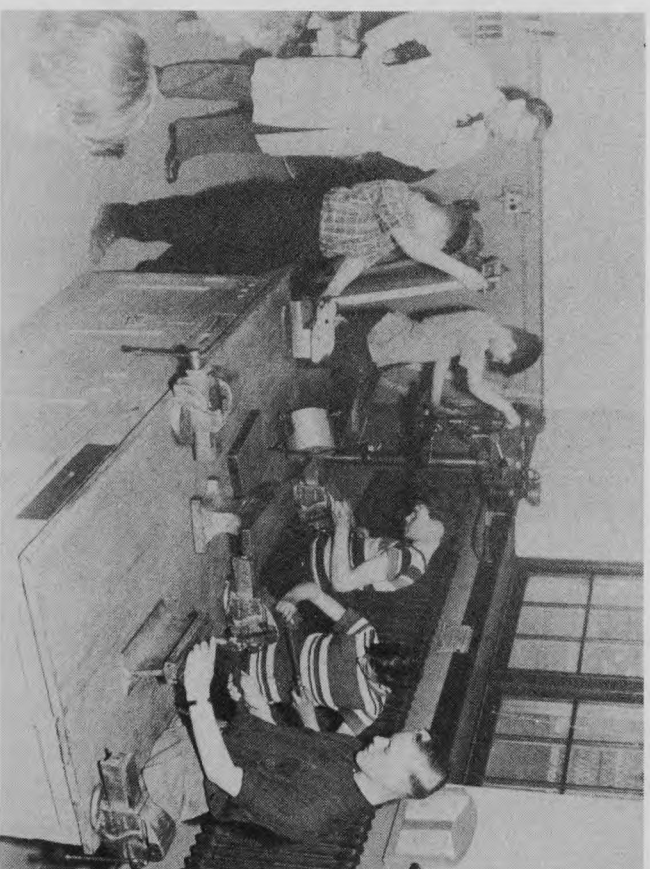
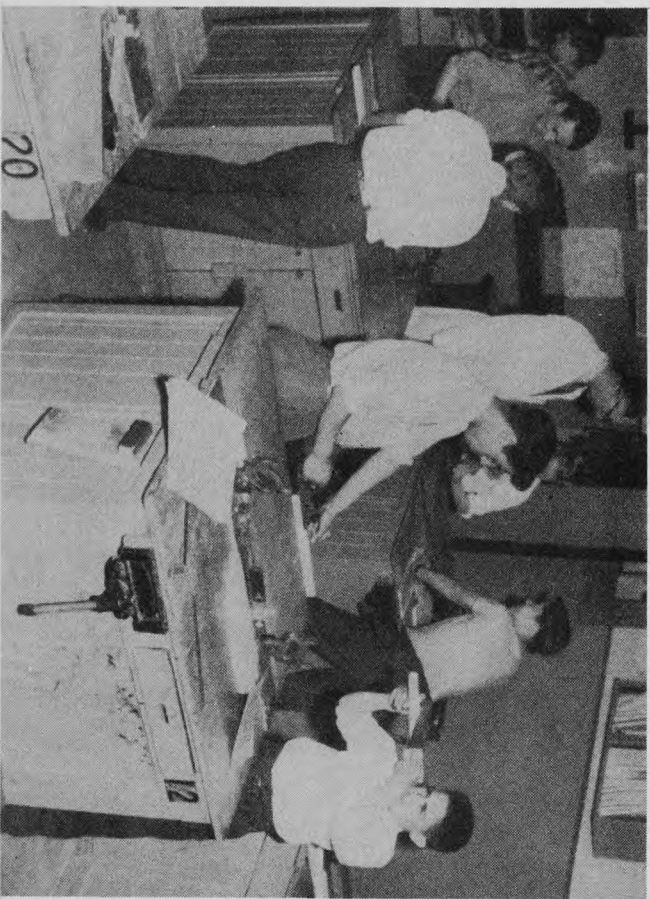
STUDYING SENTENCES



THE ROYAL ROAD TO LEARNING



FUTURE HOME MAKERS



LEARNING BY DOING

MEN AT WORK

The Christmas Concert  
By Sharon D. Ashman

Our Christmas Concert was held on Tuesday morning, December 23rd, in the school auditorium. The master of ceremonies was Mr. Mutchmor and under his direction we sang Christmas Carols.

Crests were presented to the members of the Midget Volleyball Team, who were the City Champs, my Miss McVeigh. She also awarded school shields to the winning rooms of the inter-room game competitions. A story which we all enjoyed tremendously was read to us by Mrs. Bebbington. It was entitled "The Littlest Angel". The girls' and boys' choirs, led by Miss Dickson presented us with some of their choice songs accompanied by the School Orchestra. Also, the Girls Ensemble, unconducted, sang a medley of carols. Silent Night was sung in French by 9A and 9B. They were conducted by Miss Truesdale.

The carol, "Good King Wenceslas", was to be sung in two parts by Helmut Rischer and Mr. Shewfelt, but as Mr. Shewfelt was absent, volunteers were required. They were: Mr. Belton, Mr. McWilliams, Mr. Kahana, Mr. Mutchmor and Mr. McKillop. Helmut still maintained the part of the Page. It was very well done indeed and we want to thank these teachers for their good sportsmanship.

Last on the programme were the women teachers. They sang "O Holy Night".

Remembrance Day At Our School  
By Mary Lou Jacklin

On the morning of Remembrance Day, Tuesday, November 11th, we started out for school at the usual time. From the school we went over to Old Saint Andrew's Church on Elgin Avenue and Ellen Street.

Our guest speaker was Mr. McKinney of Holy Trinity Church who talked to us about the true meaning of Remembrance Day. Mr. Patterson read to us from the Bible. The different choirs of the school sang. There was the boys' choir which sang "Non Nobis Domine", and the Glee Club which sang "I Waited For The Lord" and "O Valiant Hearts".

Rev. Douglas of Old Saint Andrew's Church led us in prayer.

We were told about the men that were buried in "Flanders Field" and about the men who are now dying in Korea and China and who are fighting against the communists for freedom.

After a two minute silence we sang "The Queen".

We then went home and were given the afternoon off to think of the men that died for us in World Wars I and II.

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Ideals are meant to be lived. Though they must first be formulated in the mind, they remain like seeds hidden in the ground until they germinate in the heart and bring forth good and useful deeds in the workaday world of men.

-- George R. Farnum

The School Variety ConcertBy Sharon Ashman

Friday, March 13th, was a red letter day in our school. On this day we held our Variety Concert.

So that the auditorium would be available at night for the parents and friends, the pupils were given the opportunity of seeing the concert in the afternoon. This provided enjoyment for the pupils and also served as a rehearsal for the performers.

The programme was opened with the singing of O Canada by Miss Truesdale's French Choir, from 9A and 9B. The six school choirs followed with splendid performances of their festival pieces. These were accompanied by Lola Cuddy, Jeanne Shigeta, and Donna Chase. Two of our outstanding soloists, Shirley Tomsic and Helmut Rischer, sang separate solos. Ralph Kundel played Rondo on his violin while Jerry Browsey, on his accordion entertained us with Valsette and Jealousy. Dave Tisdall, Lola Cuddy, and Jeanne Shigeta played piano solos. A tricky tap-dancing solo was done by Joan Simpson. Nancy Ramsay and Sandra Merriman did dances also. Sandra, complete with kilts, did the Highland Fling while Nancy donned her Irish costume and danced the Irish Jig. The humorous skit "A Day in a Restaurant" created a great laugh from the audience. It was acted by Harvey Mcberg and Garry Harland with a supporting cast. Following this came an Instrumental Ensemble of Lady of Spain by Loretta Burnett, Wayne Jordan, Ralph Parker, and Albert Harvey.

The audience was amazed by the tricky stunts performed by some of the boys who take tumbling in grades 7, 8, and 9. This was a demonstration of what the boys do in P.T. and was directed by Mr. Mutchmor.

Perhaps one of the most enjoyed items was the dancing. It showed the parents the kinds of dancing we learn at school and also added great variety to the programme.

First was the Swedish Schottische, in which the boys' parts were taken by girls. The performers were: Maureen Cann, Lola Cuddy, Irene Lisowecki, Joan Brown, Ruth Koch, Shirley Tomsic, Marlene Romund, Arlene Smith, Sandra Merriman, and Joanne DuGray. Accordionist was Loretta Burnett. Then came the grade 7's square-dancing, The Pony Boy. It was done by: Margret Crow, Rita Klassen, Pat Kostyniuk, Mary Ann Ackerman, Doreen Williams, Richard Joba, Louis Driessen, Merle Roddy, Bob Wilwand, and Gerald Anderson. Outside Arch and Inside Under was done by the grade 9's. Participants of this were: Doreen Guteski, Verna Eaton, Lloyd Betker, Juliet Penner, Ken Langston, Norren Cox, Ron Coulombe and George Pennock. Lloyd and Ken made special hits with the audience when they helped out with the calling. The audience was keenly interested in all of these dances. We want to thank Misses McVeigh, Redmond and Dickson for the splendid help.

The concert provided good entertainment for the parents and also helped to bolster the School Funds which were so low at this time.

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TEACHER: Do you like Maths.?

WAYNE: I sure do. I could watch Henry do Maths. for hours.

THE MUSICAL FESTIVAL  
By Lillian Funk

The Glee Club Choir

Festival Time arrived with a bang up. The Glee Club Choir did a splendid job on this red letter day. The director Miss F. Dickson worked hard to have our choir in perfect condition. This was accomplished with the co-operation of the girls who practised for many strenuous hours. They were awarded with a well deserved first. They received 85 marks for "When Spring with its Joy and its Laughter" and 85 marks for their own choice. The accompanist was Miss Broadfoot who did an excellent job at the piano.

"Congreatulations, Glee Club Choir."

The Earl Grey Trophy Competition

Seventeen choirs assembled in the Civic Auditorium March 27th. Our Glee Club Choir sang 12th. The adjudicator Mr. Heath-Gracie said we sang very nicely and had very good tone. The winner of the Earl Grey Trophy was the Daniel McIntyre Mixed Choir. Hugh John Macdonald suffered a mild disappointment in that she didn't win, but better luck next time. However, we did win the Sir William Van Horn Shield for Junior High School Choirs.

A Trophy Is Won

A newspaper report on the Musical Festival for Intermediate Instrumentalists given by S. Roy Maley on Thursday, March 26th, was as follows: "A bright little Miss with long black hair and intensely alert eyes captured the Junior Musical Club trophy at the musical festival Wednesday night." Lola Cuddy, who is a very good student in 9A, coming first in class, has won the Junior Musical Club trophy for which we would like to congratulate her. Congratulations Lola Cuddy.

8A Classroom Choir  
By Sandra Dolberg

This year, the 8A group entered the Manitoba Musical Festival as a class. Conducted by Miss Dickson and accompanied by Jeanne Shigeta and Miss Broadfoot the choir made a great effort. Nearly all of the group were good sports about the whole thing, and did not mind the endless hours of work in preparation for the occasion. The festival drew nearer, and with it more excitement. A week before the festival started, the choir sang in the school concert. The selections were "Oran-A Chree", and "Come Let Us To The Bagpipes Sound".

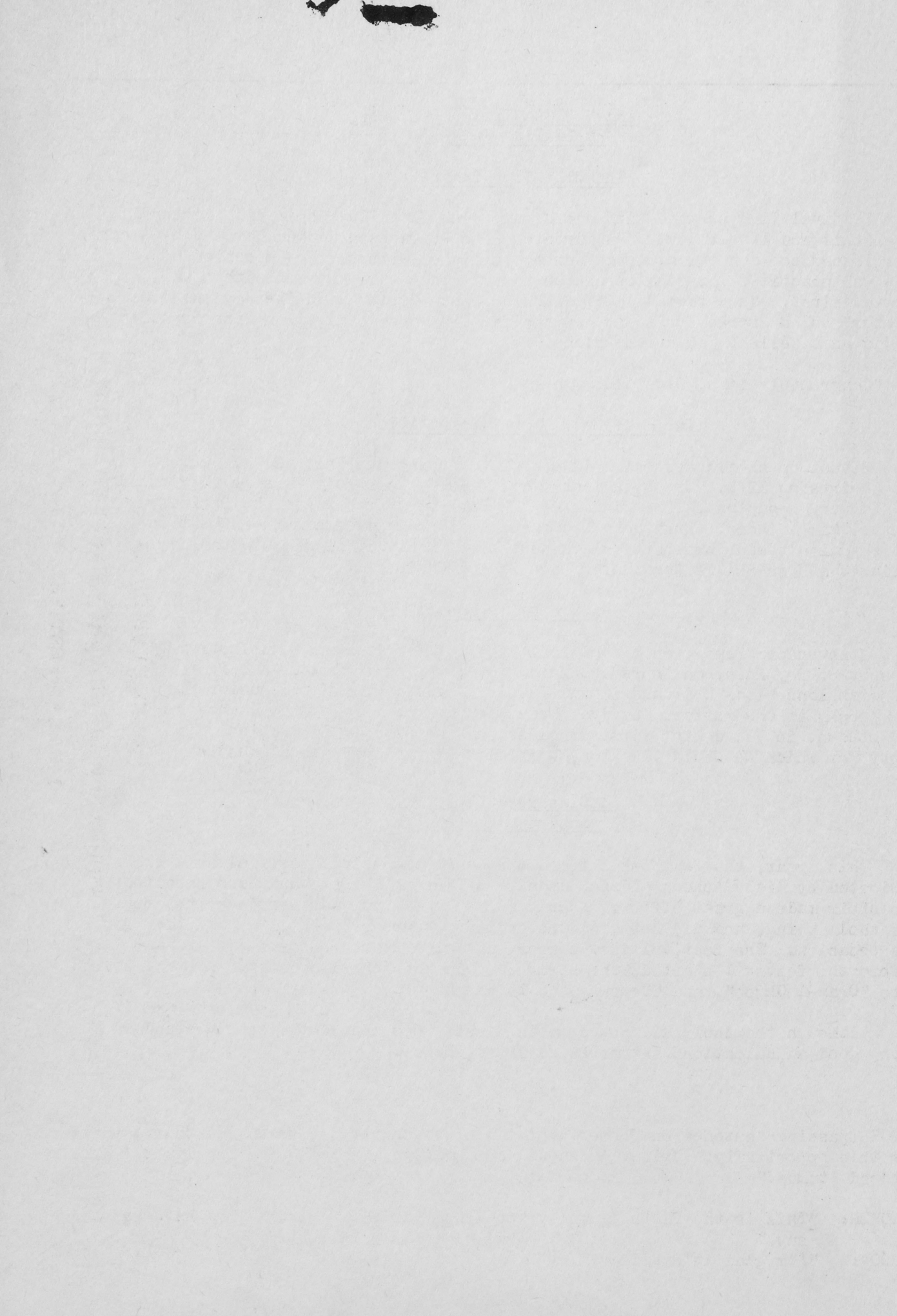
Although the choir did not come in first, they upheld the school standard with good adjudications and marks in the eighties.

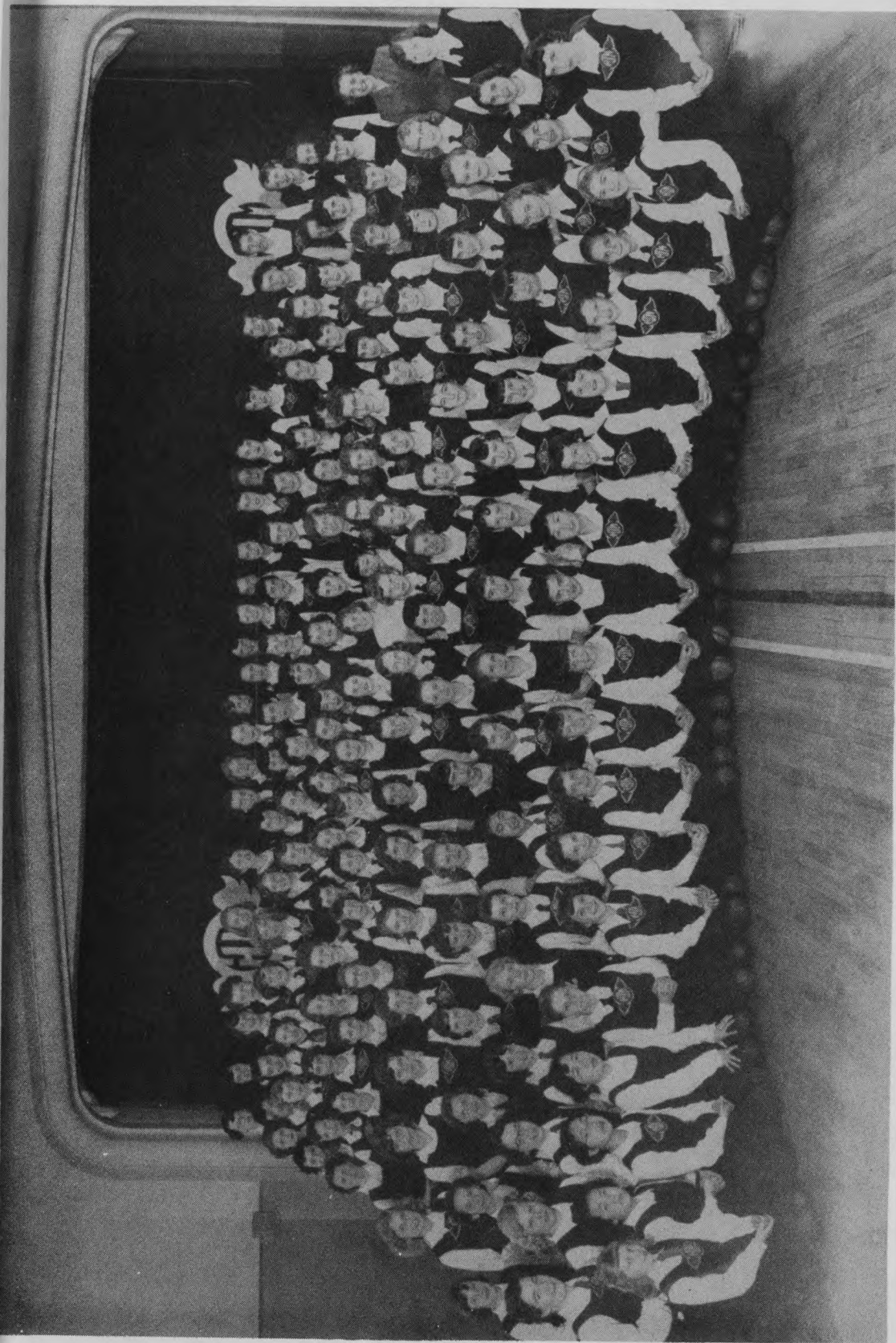
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JUDGE (passing sentence on former high school teacher): "I've waited thirty years for this opportunity. Write: 'I should not have gone through the red light.' five hundred times!"

TEACHER: "This is the fifth time I've punished you this week. What have you to say?"

GORDON: "I'm glad it's Friday."





GLEE CLUB CHOIR

WINNERS OF SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE SHIELD

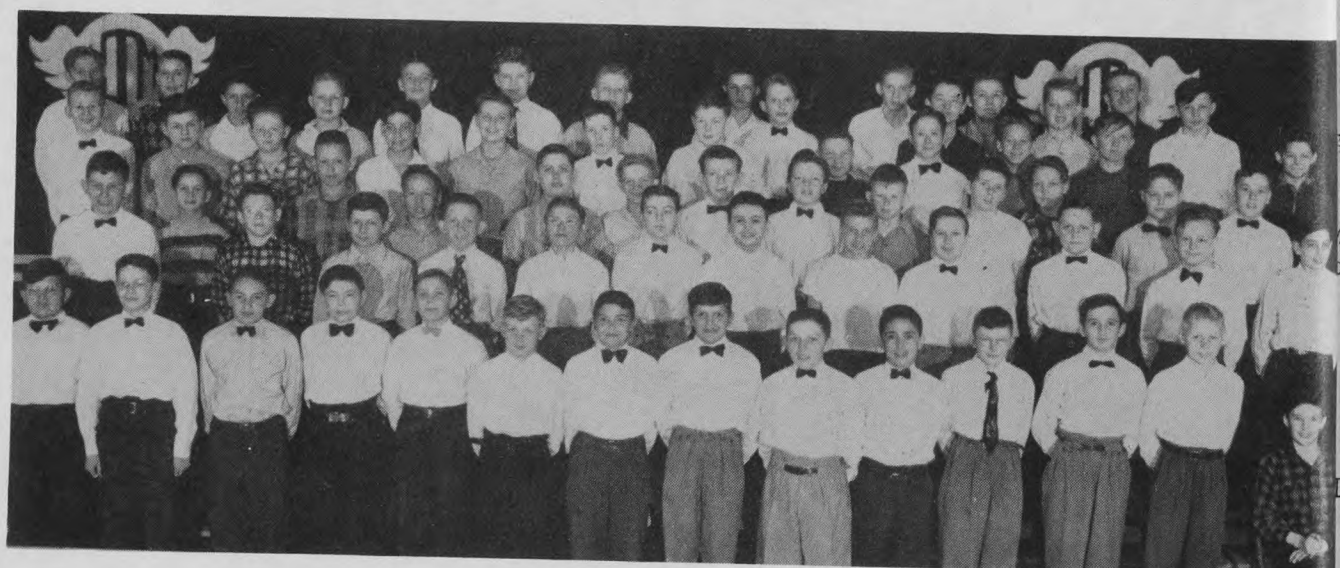
MUSICAL FESTIVAL, 1953



SCHOOL ORCHESTRA



BARITONE CHOIR



TREBLE CHOIR

SENIOR BASKETBALL  
By Jack Carriere

In Senior basketball, Hugh John Macdonald was entered in the North Division. The boys put forth a great effort. Out of the total of eight games they lost four. It was a sad loss because two of them were lost by only one point. We want to thank the boys for their effort. We want to thank Lloyd Betker for chauffeuring the team to its games.

The players were:	Jack Carriere	Allan Hendrickson
	Lyle "Moose" Siles	Fung "Phillip" Scun
	Ron "Dribbler" Colombe	Jerry Lewishek
	Lercy Clarke	Mascot James Stuart
Coach:	Mr. D. Mutchmor	Chauffer: Lloyd Berker

Jay Cee Basketball  
By Jack Carriere

This year our school was again represented in the Jay Cee Basketball clinic and league, but this year as defending champions. Of the eleven boys, only one-- Jack Carriere was a member of last year's team.

We were very fortunate in having Mr. Hampton, Brian's father, and a former basketball player to act as coach and guide us to the division championship. This year instead of playing a round robin tournament, we played a knockout series. After defeating General Wolfe 38 to 24 and Gordon Bell 25 to 15, we played Principal Sparling in a sudden death final for the Division Championship and won 55 to 11. After playing Earl Grey for the semi-final and beating them 56 to 14, we played Aberdeen and won the City Championship. We played two more games and beat them 53 to 48.

Our congratulations are extended to the following boys:

Jack Carriere	Lyle Siles	Lorne Huff
Jerry Browski	Sam Cascisa	Norman Frederickson
Gerald Roxburgh	Lercy Clarke	Morris Harris
Lawrence Harris	Brian Hampton	

Teachers Vs. Students - Our Volleyball Game

One bright morning, the teachers of our school challenged our Intermediate girls to a game of Volleyball.

The "Glow Worms" were lagging behind in score for the first half of the game. Miss McVeigh must have threatened the teachers, as they got into the groove and beat the "Dim Bulbs" by an embarrassing margin.

Mr. Mutchmor played a terrific game. (He must have practiced quite a bit!).

Miss Redmond and Miss Hughes looked strikingly pretty in tunics.

I think the "Dim Bulbs" played a good game and I'm sure they enjoyed it. The teachers must have had a good time as we didn't get much homework that night.

The day didn't end as brightly as it had started for the girls. Better luck next time kids!

----- One of the "Dim Bulbs" -----

The Game We Lost  
By Pat McGowan

Most people say, "Oh! well, there is always a time to win and a time to lose!"

Why, though, did we have to lose this game?

Of course, I am referring to the Hugh John Macdonald and Aberdeen Volleyball game. It was scary right from the start.

When the two captains were flipping the coin for first serve, there was a dead silence.

Well, the game began. Aberdeen served the ball. It was over. Well, what do you know? One of our players hit it back over the net. Aberdeen got about six points before they lost their serve. "Net ball," said the referee. "What luck", murmured the girls. This went on back and forth. Ceiling balls, reserves, and good serves. "Time out", said the referee.

"The score, nineteen to fifteen for Hugh John Macdonald". The whole Hugh John team was grinning, even Miss McVeigh.

We all agreed it was a wonderful game so far. "Time in". The grim silence again settled over the gym. The girls were going on to the court looking like a fierce band of cannibals. The battle was on again. Hugh John ahead! Aberdeen ahead! Tie! Then finally "Time out" yelled the referee. The score, Aberdeen thirty-five, Hugh John Macdonald thirty-four. We all knew, it was sickening. The Aberdeen team was cheering. The Hugh John team was jeering. Miss McVeigh? Well, never mind.

The Game We Won  
By Pat McGowan

On Thursday, May 21st, the Senior girls baseball team played their first ball game. What a game! June Nielsen, our star pitcher, really chucked in her old fire-balls. Jeanette Stubb, our catcher and captain, made herself quite a reputation that day.

The team, playing their best, defeated Luxton School seven to one. We certainly weren't ashamed of this score. There weren't many exciting episodes in the game. Hugh John team went up to bats, hit a few homers and then went out to field. Then Luxton went up to bats. June fanned three girls out. The whole game went along that line. We all knew Miss McVeigh was pleased with the girls, at least we thought so. Well, the game was finished and our hero, June, was a rather proud girl and had a reason to be, as she practically pitched a no-hit game.

The day of the game had arrived and there were a lot of excited Midget players. We had won three games out of four and as a result were in the finals. When the game started, the opposing team had first service. It was all very exciting and both teams seemed tense. We got the lead and almost became overconfident. As the second half began, we listened intently to the instructions of Miss Redmond, our faithful coach. We were well rewarded for we won the game. We cheered the other team and thanked them for the wonderful game.



SWIMMING TEAM



FOLK DANCING



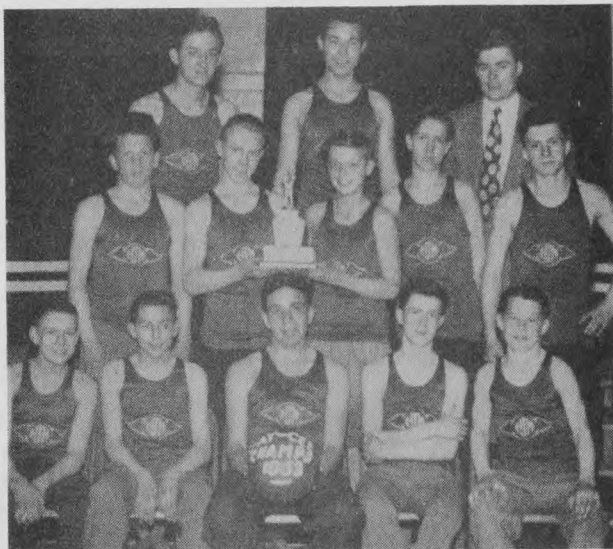
MIDGET VOLLEYBALL  
CITY CHAMPS



SQUARE DANCING



SENIOR VOLLEYBALL



JAY-CEE CHAMPS



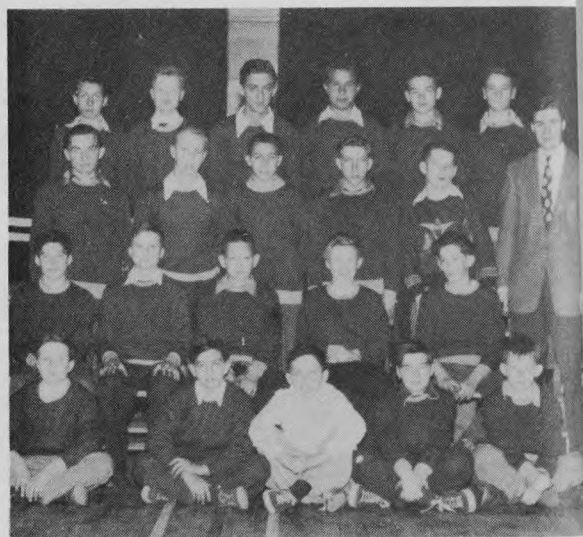
JUNIOR SOCCER



SENIOR BASKETBALL



SKATING TEAM



TUMBLING TEAM



INTERMEDIATE SOCCER



MIDGET SOCCER

# Literary

## "YOU"

By Edgar A. Guest

Selected By Ralph Parker

You are the fellow that has to decide  
Whether you'll do it or cast it aside,  
You are the fellow who makes up your mind  
Whether you'll lead or linger behind—  
Whether you'll try for the goal that's afar  
Or be contented to stay where you are.  
Take it or leave it. Here's something to do!  
Just think it over; it's all up to you!

What do you wish? To be known as a shirk?  
Known as a good man who's willing to work?  
Scorned for a loafer or praised by your chief?  
Rich man or poor man or beggar or thief?  
Eager or earnest or dull through the day,  
Honest or crooked? It's you who must say!  
You must decide in the face of the test  
Whether you'll shirk it or give it your best.

So whatever it is you are wanting to be,  
Remember, it is you, you are wanting to be,  
Kindly or selfish, gentle or strong,  
Keeping the right way or taking the wrong.  
Careless of honor or guarding your pride,  
All these are questions which you must decide.  
Yours the selections whichever you do,  
The thing men call character is all up to you!

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Mr. A. J. Banbury

By Ron Young

Have you had the good fortune of meeting "Pop" Banbury? If not, you have missed something that I'd like to share with you. "Pop" is really Mr. A. G. Banbury, who lives in our neighborhood. He is eighty-two years "young" and has two hobbies. These are: young people and rhyming words. He can string words and sentences together into delightful rhymes. He sends these to his young friends to improve and to amuse them. I admire him and enjoy his work very much. I hope you will enjoy the poems that follow as much as I do.



By A.J. Banbury

## EDUCATION

What is this "Education"  
Which so many talk?  
Can it be given to us  
By a blackboard and some chalk?

Does the teacher and the school  
Part this precious thing?  
Is it books and lectures  
That will Education bring?

None of these things can Educate-  
Construct, oh yes for sure,  
But Education you will find  
Will call for something more.

When who? or what? is the Educator?  
Nay, you and you alone;  
You must produce the Harvest  
From the seeds that you have sown.

You must use your mind for all it's worth  
And by exercise it will grow;  
Only thus can you win success  
In an Education show."

## THE STUDIOUS BOYS

There are boys who show much wisdom  
In their attitude to school-  
Do their best as students  
And have formed a steady rule.

What is this really sensible?  
So many will answer "No",  
They say that "youth is the time for fun"  
And that "school stuff is tame and slow".

They search around for thrills and fun  
Saying "It's sissy to strive to learn"  
And "show off" by their heedlessness  
Taking the Dandy's cap to earn.

Good luck to you, young student,  
Never doubt but you're in the right.  
"Knowledge is power" is true for sure  
If you are building up your might.

Later on, at the testing time,  
When with men you have to work,  
You'll be very glad that in early days  
Your lessons you did not shirk.

## THE GOOD GUY

If the boys call you a "good guy"  
You have reason to be proud  
As they think you are the sort of chap  
Who stands above the crowd.

For the "tough guy", "smart guy"  
"wise guy",  
They have very small respect  
But the "good guy" they look up to  
And from him they much expect.

They know this lad is straight and clean,  
They know he will not lie,  
They know he will not cheat at games  
Or some sneaky business try.

They also know that in their need  
They'll find in him a friend.  
As, be the trouble what it may,  
His aid he'll surely lend.

It is good to be a "good guy"  
For of such, True men are made,  
Our leaders, heroes, Christians  
Are from those boys who made the grade.

## THE INFERIORITY COMPLEX

There are those who make a study  
Of the working of the brain  
And warn of certain tendencies  
From which we should refrain.

One is to nurse the notion  
That in trials with those you meet  
That you cannot do as well as they  
That you must accept defeat.

You get set in that fool fancy-  
"I can't" you weakly mean-  
"I am doomed to be inferior",  
"I cannot hold my own"

And so, by self persuasion,  
Of course you're bound to fail;  
Without the "Will to conquer"  
All else will not avail.

Never let this form of foolishness  
Your success and your progress clog  
'Tis not the size of the dog that counts  
But the size of the fight in the dog.



Canada --- My PrideBy Lola Cuddy

I am proud of being a Canadian. I do not like to think of myself as a mixture of nationalities---I like to be known as a Canadian. Canada is a comparatively young nation but we have a free, resourceful country. We are a nation of our own, united by loyal bonds. Modern Canada has every opportunity to succeed. We are future Canadian rulers-- will we accept this challenge?

I am proud that we have liberty, and freedom, and opportunity in Canada. I delight in her natural beauty and wealth; in her tolerance and initiative in peace and, in war. Canada is a country of brotherhood--not torn by civil wars; not ruled by tyrants. Canadians of today should realize these blessings and give Canada their love, service and devotion. Canada needs people to help her become great. All of us should really mean it when we sing "We stand on guard for thee".

Canada, My Adopted CountryBy Jerry Diwishek

I am proud of being a Canadian.

Many people in other countries only dream of Canada. They wish they could come to this country where there is freedom and friendship and mainly because you can buy what ever you want.

Many a day I sat on the steps of my European home and tried to imagine what Canada would look like. Would it be flat, rolling land with rivers and lakes cooling its sunburned beaches? Would there be mountains so high that no bird could cross them? Or would it be covered with forests whose trees lift their tops high up into the heaven? Yes, I was not the only boy thinking and wishing. There were and still are many hundreds, yes, thousands who dream of a land of which they will be proud. Will their dreams come true? Mine did.

I have come and seen the mountains, lakes, rivers and prairies of this my new home. One does not know what to be proud of and be thankful for until one reaches a better land, A "Canada" for which every heart longs and prays to see and hear. Yes, this is Canada, Canada, for which many laid down their lives to save and guard. Will we carry on worthily?

"You're a danger to pedestrians." The judge said. "I must revoke your license." "But, your Honor," protested the reckless driver, "my living depends on my driving my car."

"So does the lives of the pedestrians," replied the Judge.

Betty: "Can you keep a secret?"

Grace: "I can, but it's just my luck to tell it to someone who can't".

Teacher: "George, how did you get your hands so dirty?"

George: "From washing my face."

## On Being A Canadian

By Brian Rae

I am proud of being a Canadian. Beauty, paralleled by very few other countries of the world, may be found right in Canada.

This beauty is not limited to just one part of the country, but may be found nearly everywhere from coast to coast. The beautiful fishing ports of the East coast, the luxuriant forest and orchard growth and the dazzling Niagara Falls of Ontario, the ancient beauty of old Quebec City, and last of all, the all round beauty of British Columbia make up, along with millions of friendly people a country which every Canadian should and does honour with patriotic respect.

Canada is not only respected by its own inhabitants, but is honoured throughout the world as a progressive friendly nation with an enviable future. It is not only locked up to in peace but in war also.

Through the years Canadian warriors have proved themselves brave and brilliant on the battlefield.

These, along with thousands of other reasons, make me proud of being a Canadian.

## Homework

By Gertrude Manners

"Homework again"! "That teacher just piles it on". "Why do we have to have it"? These and many more are the expressions you hear when a teacher assigns homework. But what happens if she assigns it at the beginning of the period? Some start right in; but others sit around, talk, and send notes over to the other side of the room. If a teacher asks if the work is done the gasp of amazement usually comes from those who have been sitting around.

What would happen if teachers didn't give homework? Most of us would fall terribly in our work. Some would do a little studying at home and when a test came they would be ready without cramming. The others would cram the night before and wonder why they got low marks; but the next week they would be laughing at someone who said she couldn't come out because she wanted to study.

And then what happens in the study period? Some do their homework. Others sit around and do nothing, or else talk and send notes. Those that are trying to do their homework are distracted by what is going on beside them. The people that don't do their work are usually the one's that complain about homework. Why don't they do it in the time given?

I do not like homework, but I try to do all I can in study periods so I will not have as much to do at home.

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Jim D. : "Father, can you write your name with your eyes shut?"

Father: "I think so, Jim."

Jim D. : "All right then, Father, let's see you shut them and sign this report card."

The School Spirit  
By Doreen Guteski

Not many students of the present have the school spirit. By this I mean, they are not as eager to go to school as they should be, but instead dread the word and the thought of it.

Do these students really know what they receive from school? Do they once consider that they could enjoy school? I don't think so. These students don't even try to enjoy school. They just stick to their old saying, "I hate school".

In the morning instead of thinking well of the school-day ahead, they grumble about having to get up early just for school. At school they automatically begin to complain about the subjects and teachers that they have for the day. For instance, they ask each other why they have to take Social Studies, Science, etc. if they are going to be secretaries. When a teacher tries to keep a class quiet and tells the students not to talk, they say she's an old "crab" or something or other. Students should enjoy learning about nature, which surrounds them throughout life. Also, they should enjoy learning about other countries, their peoples and the peoples' customs. If these students would only appreciate the education they are receiving free of charge I think they would also enjoy school.

Some students plan to quit school as soon as they reach the age of sixteen, so they don't work and as a result they fail.

Are they conscious of what they are doing when they leave school not wholly educated? They are leading themselves to hard factory labour which they will not enjoy. When the students have to rise out of bed early to go to school they don't realize that when they go to work they have to get up even earlier.

Oh! don't get me wrong for I'm not speaking of all students, and I haven't anything against them, really, but I'd just like to hear a few students say they appreciate and enjoy the educational part of school. Not just the few moments they have in which they have to talk while changing periods.

A Brotherly Burglar  
By Albert Harvey

I awoke with a start. I could hear someone trying to open the window downstairs. Was a burglar trying to get into the house? I got up quickly and dressed. I grabbed my baseball bat from out of the closet and quietly tiptoed downstairs. I could hear him moving around in the living room now. I clutched my bat more tightly. I could see his shadow against the window. Slowly I closed in on him. Just as he came out of the living room I hit him with my bat. He crumpled to the floor with a low groan. I flicked on the light and turned him over on his back. It was my brother! After I had revived him, he explained that he had forgotten his key and had come through the window because he didn't want to wake everyone up by ringing the doorbell.

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Courage is the first of human qualities because it is the quality which guarantees all the others.

-- Winston Churchill

An Autumn Scene  
By Shirley Tomsic

Autumn is the most colourful season of the year. As I go into this heavenly kingdom of Nature's artists, let me describe to you a little of this paradise.

Over by the river stands a tiny soft brown spotted fawn, who, by the look of him has just come into this world. Now and then he glances up and looks around him, into the deep colourful forest. The brown leaves match the fawn's skin. These all blend to look like a picture freshly painted on an artist's canvas. The sky with its harmonies of blue blend with the majestic colours of the trees, shrubs, and the glazed look of the water rushing by. They all add to the beauty of Nature's paintbrush.

A gust of wind gently shakes the great rainbow coloured trees, bending them back and forth. It seems as if the whole forest is dancing its last dance before they go to rest. The leaves start to fall slowly but surely, like the confetti on a wedding day in Church. You get your last look of this dreamland, as the leaves fall to their ever-resting place. Here on earth is the beauty of Nature's magnificent heaven.

Alcohol  
By Kazuo Suga

Alcohol is produced by the action of yeast upon sugar and starch. This substance is found in beer, whiskey, etc. and has a very bad effect on those who drink it. It causes bad effects on the organs of the body. A few drinks containing alcohol cause loss of more bodily heat than is normally lost and a person who drinks them is apt to get pneumonia as a result.

Alcoholic beverages are especially harmful to the nervous system. It interferes with the sending of messages from the brain to the muscles. A man who has had a few drinks may think he is doing something skillfully but he is actually very clumsy and slow. His brain mixes up the orders which go out to the muscles.

As alcohol dulls the brain, the drinker forgets his worries for a time and feels that he is a fine fellow. Heavy drinking may become a habit. But turning one's back on trouble does not make it fly away. The only way to deal with problems successfully is to meet them face to face.

Drinkers get most of their energy from alcohol and do not eat all the other foods they need. One reason for this is that alcohol irritates the lining of the stomach. Instead of getting the food containing vitamins they need, they fill up with alcoholic beverages, which contain no vitamins, minerals, or proteins.

Some heavy drinkers may live to good old age. However life insurance companies have found that when the life records of a group of drinkers are compared with those of non-drinkers, it shows that non-drinkers live longer than the drinkers.

Children and wives feel humiliated before friends and relatives because of their poverty and disgrace. Let us decide in our lives to avoid this evil that causes the downfall, bringing so much sorrow to our loved ones.

Stamp Collecting As a Hobby

By Ruth Koch

While stamp collecting has always been a fascinating hobby. Perhaps the main reason for its growing popularity is that it is an asset to education.

Another good thing about the stamp hobby is that it is so easy to get started. A stamp collection does not have to be expensive or complicated and even a small collection can yield a world of enjoyment. All you need in order to start are some stamps and an album to put them in.

Some stamps are worth fortunes. I think the stamp that is worth the most money is the one cent stamp from British Guiana. There are millions of stamp collectors, but there is only one copy of the one cent stamp from British Guiana that was published in eighteen hundred and fifty-six. It is estimated that this stamp today would sell at a price of fifty thousand dollars. There are also many other stamps worth thousands of dollars.

It is not a hobby of any particular class of people; there are many kings, queens, and princes in the royal families of the world who are stamp collectors. After a nation-wide survey it was announced that among boys and girls, stamp collecting is three times as popular as any other pastime.

The Christmas Spirit

By Lela Cuddy

During the days that precede Christmas, most of us are so busy with Christmas shopping, sending greeting cards and decorating our homes, that we have no time to stop to think of the real Christmas spirit. Yet, having the Christmas spirit is one of the most important parts about Christmas.

First, I feel that to have the Christmas spirit you must be happy. There is a reason to be so. We are commemorating Christ's birth on that starry night in Bethlehem. To be happy, you must realize the joyousness of the season. Was it not a great and wondrous thing that God sent his only son to save sinners?

Secondly, a merciful and forgiving spirit is necessary. Forget your grouches and gripes against people and openly forgive. For until you forgive you shall not be forgiven. People whom you think you can never forgive are not so bad as all that.

Thirdly, comes a harder part of the Christmas spirit-kindliness. Kindliness is not hard sometimes, but to be kind all the time is more difficult. Smile at the children, be friendly to people your own age, and be polite to your elders. If things don't suit you, control your temper and smile some more. It is not nearly so hard as you think, once you get started and used to the idea, and the people will begin to think of you as a pleasant person.

A four-lettered word can sum up all these traits. It is short, but it is meaningful. The word is love. Love is the real Christmas spirit. Was it not of love that Christ was born? His life was a life of love. By love and love alone can we truly say we have the Christmas spirit.

## Are Teachers Necessary

By Sharon Ashman

"What do we need teachers for?" is a question that is often asked. Well, the best way to answer that is by asking ourselves, "Where would we be without them?" Without teachers, schools could not be run. Without schools, we wouldn't be able to get an education and without an education, we would resemble the early cave-man.

Teachers enable us to read and write. They teach us how to cope with mathematical problems and help us to obtain a greater understanding of our own language as well as those of other peoples. They also help us to attain a higher degree of civilization and a wider knowledge of our surroundings. They are always patiently waiting to help us with the many countless little things that are necessary to know in life. But do we appreciate them? In most cases the answer is in the negative.

No sooner does a teacher turn his back but he is being criticized by someone!

Perhaps the time when a pupil thinks that teachers are least needed is when he is being punished. At this time he thinks that these unnecessary teachers are using some mighty unscrupulous methods. Well, if these troublemakers would behave themselves, the nerves in the palms of their hands might be spared the stimulation. It can also well be seen that teachers are necessary to keep mischievous pupils like these under control.

If we would just think of some of the good things that teachers do for us, probably more pupils would realize what an asset they really are in our personal lives. They are waiting to help us achieve the greatest success possible.

The next time that you feel like "blowing up" and "telling them off", think of these things. Possibly you will refrain from saying the things that you had been intending to and you will likely admit that teachers --- are necessary.

## The First Snowfall

By Joy Knight

The night before the snowfall, there was a very heavy fog. The lights were shrouded with mist and the wind was sharp and cold.

In the morning there was about six inches of soft white snow. The trees were burdened down and every post had a white cap. The sun was shining and it was a very beautiful morning.

After I got up and had my breakfast, I put my coat on and went out to play in the snow. I made a soft white ball of snow and started to make a snowman. Before it was noon time, I had a great big snowman with a pipe in his mouth and a black hat on his head.

The afternoon was lovely and at suppertime I went out to look at my snowman. His head had fallen off and his hat lay quite a distance away. All the snow was gone.

A Day In Germany  
By Helene Diwishek .

It is early morning in the month of May. The sun is just peeking up over the hills when life begins to stir in the streets and among forest life. The sleepy birds open their eyes and sing their first cheery notes and older people walk past them to a new day of labour and hard work. As we walk past the houses, a cross dog barks and a baby's shrill cry reaches our ears. Yes, a new day is dawning with the hunger, the joy, the sorrow and friendship it brings as it visits every home.

Slowly as the sun rises higher, activities in the streets increase and the childrens' voices and laughter are heard as they slowly walk to school.

Let us follow them to the tall brick building where the gates are opening to admit the children. We step into the large hall with a stair-case winding its way up. One by one the children are seating themselves and the doors to each classroom close as the bell rings. After the roll call and a short religious period the books are taken out and studying begins. After an hour of work the bell rings, the children slowly leave the school for a short recess. The morning contains five hours of work and four recesses. So when one o'clock comes all books are gathered and the children depart to their homes.

Now we see them playing hop-scotch, skipping, playing ball or having some running games. The smaller folk sit on the doorstep playing with their dolls or watching the group of boys who are now leaving the city with a kite which they wish to fly.

The mothers are out shopping for food, clothing, or perhaps sweets for their children. The market place is crowded with people who bargain for the things that are most needed in the homes. Cars slowly move along like lazy donkeys winding their way through heavy traffic and turn slowly homeward as evening approaches.

As the sun slowly sinks below the hills again the last few rays blink at us through the crimson and yellow background while a soft grayness covers it all. A bell on the steeple tolls out the hour as everything begins to enter dreamland. Night again has conquered and laid to rest weary and tired mankind.

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Mrs. Jones: "I suppose you learned right from wrong on your mother's knee?"  
Paul: "No, across my father's."

Mrs. Johnson: "I sent Roy for two pounds of plums and got only a pound and a half."

Grocer: "My scales are right, madam. Have you weighed your son?"

Teacher: "Ron, don't day dream while studying."  
Ron: "Who's studying?"

Hostess: "Lloyd, please have some pudding."  
Lloyd: "Thank you, but only a mouthful."  
Hostess: "Nora, fill up Lloyd's plate."

Christmas Time  
By Marillyne Hudson

Christmas! Christmas! Magical words indeed, which make the whole world rejoice. The stores are full of lovely gifts for young and old, to say nothing of the aroma of candies, nuts, and all kinds of goodies to eat. As the happy day nears the Christmas Spirit gets deeper in everyone's heart. You notice an air of festivity everywhere you go. Carols are sung on all the radio stations. Christmas Tree parties are arranged and enjoyed by young and old.

Then Christmas Eve comes. Father is coming in the door and what a beautiful tree he has! What a time we will have decorating it with coloured balls, tinsel, imitation icicles, imitation snow and of course presents all around the base. We all stand back and admire our handiwork and father of course has his chest swell up as if to say "I sure did a swell job again this year". Mother gives us a knowing smile and scots little Lorne off to bed with a warning that Santa Claus won't come until he is fast asleep. Later in the evening we set out a lunch for "Santa Claus" and we retire ourselves after giving thanks to God for the birth of his Son making Christmas times possible.

It's Christmas Morning and shouts of joy come from Lorne as he spies one present after another belonging to him. He is hardly able to realize what he actually has. Then there's Father admiring his pink tie with the blue polka dots that mother thought was so lovely. "Just what I wanted" said Dad, wondering of course, if it will go with his pygamas or if it's better left in the box. After all the gifts are opened Dad takes us for a ride on our new toboggan. What fun we have! We even build a snowman in the front yard, complete with a hat and muffler and after a snowball fight we decide to see how Mom is coming with the turn

Our appetites are indeed keen by this time and Mother doesn't have to call us twice. Never does a bird undergo such transformation--from a golden brown, well done and well rounded bird filled with dressing, to legless, wingless, breastless, frame. No wonder Mother says "I bet I gained 10 pounds." Where we put our Christmas pudding I don't know, but no one can resist Mother's Plum Duff. We somehow manage to push ourselves away from the table. Soon the air is filled with the aroma of one of Dad's special Havana Cigars. A more contented fellow would be indeed hard to find. Mother and I rattle off the dishes and we spend an evening of playing games. When bedtime comes we need no prompting. Our day had been filled with gladness and when I say my prayers I wonder why everyone doesn't Pray and offer thanks to God. Then maybe we could have the Christmas spirit everyday.

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The labor of listening  
Seems too great to many people  
For them to undertake.

Either dig deep or span far --  
Just don't stay where you are.

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A vacation is a succession of 2's. It consists of 2 weeks which are 2 short. Afterwards you are 2 tired 2 return hom and 2 broke not 2.

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1st Student: "How far are you from the correct answer?"  
2nd Student: "Two seats."

What Friendship Means To Me  
By Machiko Shibuya

Here I was in Winnipeg, a city unknown to me. On my way here I thought of having many friends, beautiful big schools with gardens and big yards, and five-mile-long buildings which would tower over the city. But when I stepped out of the car, I was greatly disappointed for there in front of me were several little boys and girls standing and gaping at me. They suddenly burst out laughing when I started to talk. I tried to keep the tears back because I knew that the oldest girl in the family should never cry. I just grinned at them and started towards a dull, yellow and brown house which was to become our home.

After many hours of jumping from trunk to trunk, trying to help my parents by looking after the young ones, as well as getting into my parents' way, there was a knock. Timidly I walked to the door. There in front of me stood two girls about my age. One was tall, pretty dark-haired, with a friendly smile on her face. The other was pretty but looked funny because she had lipstick smeared all over her face, and a little rainbow-colored beret nestled on a head of tightly-curled, dirty blonde hair. She was a half-deaf girl.

As I couldn't speak English very well I just mumbled "Hello". They muttered something, but guessing that I couldn't understand, they took my hand and pulled me out of the house. I was frightened but just then the half-deaf girl stuck out a candy on a stick (which I later found out was called a "sucker"). I then knew that they just wanted me to play with them. I ran back into the house, received permission to go out and play with the girls, and dashed out with a light heart.

They took me around the neighbourhood, to the school I was to attend, and to the neighbourhood park. They tried their best to explain to me why a man was singing all out of key and stumbling like a wiggly snake, why some cars had to stop while others whizzed by, and why trolley buses needed two poles at the top of them. These things were very difficult for me to understand because, where I came from I had never heard of drunkenness, buses and traffic lights and many other things such as fudgies, movie stars, moving pictures and money.

The day ended all too quickly for me but I was happy because I had learned that not everybody is mean and inconsiderate in big cities.

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TEACHER: "How can one person possibly make so many mistakes?"

JOHNNY: "Oh, I didn't do it all by myself. My big sister helped me."

JACK: "Dad, how soon before I'll be able to do as I please?"

FATHER: "I don't know, son. Nobody has lived that long yet."

SHE: "You remind me of the ocean."

HE: "Wild, romantic, and restless?"

SHE: "No, you make me sick."

Ralph: "How would you like to have me for lunch?"

Maureen: "No thanks, my digestion isn't what it used to be."

The Importance Of A School Education  
By Sharon D. Ashman

What would the world be like today if no one were educated? We would be a barbarous, uncivilized, uncultured nation.

Education is everybody's business. It is generously offered to us, but many of us, not realizing its value, refuse to accept it. If only we would sometimes stop to consider the number of countries in which only the wealthy can attend schools, we might realize how privileged we really are. Perhaps if we called to our minds the cost of running schools, more pupils might become more studious and would show a greater interest in learning.

School does a great service for us. It prepares us for wholesome living beyond school. Without schooling, we couldn't have as many opportunities for advancement. We wouldn't be able to really accomplish things the way we can through having it.

Through it, we are enabled to become more aware of the happenings in our huge world and to understand them better. We are able to attain a higher degree of civilization and to obtain a greater knowledge of the universe about us. The necessity of peace and security is brought to our minds and we are taught to do our parts. In school we meet different kinds of people and we have to adjust ourselves to many new situations. In this way we acquire the necessary techniques that will be useful in dealing with people we may come in contact with in the outside world.

School is like a vast bridge. It carries us from infancy to maturity.

School, and all it stands for, should be and is free to all who want it. It is up to us to show our appreciation of it by using it to a good advantage.

My Best Subject  
By Lyle Siles

The subject I like best is History. It deals with important happenings, important places, and important people. In history there's always something about battle, explorers, inventions, painters, writers, leaders, and all sorts of people. If it weren't for history we wouldn't know who invented anything, or played something. But history isn't just stories of inventors, painters, etc. It is the story of mankind, step by step to the present time- the cultures of ancient people and their religious beliefs. Some of these people, thousands of years ago, were creative in mind and progressive; others were very primitive. History deals with people of all countries, and shows the errors of the past so they won't be made again. It is the subject that gives examples of living in other countries. It does away with prejudice and racial discrimination. That's why I like history best.

Joe Blow was telling about a trick he'd learned in trying jujitsu: "So I grabbed his wrist like this -- then I twisted like this-- and before I knew what hit him-- I was flat on my back."

## Field Day June 12th

The students of our school were favoured with a perfect day on which to hold their annual Field Day. Every one was in a holiday mood and the programme outlined by the P.T. Instructor, Mr. Mutchmor, went over without a hitch. The following are the results of the various competitions:

### Girls Relay

### Boys Relay

#### Grade 7 Girls Relay:

1st - 7C  
2nd - 7A  
3rd - 7E

#### Grade 7 Boys Relay:

1st - 7F  
2nd - 7G  
3rd - 7D

#### Grade 8 Girls Relay:

1st - 8G  
2nd - 8A

#### Grade 8 Boys Relay:

1st - 8D  
2nd - 8B  
3rd - 8C

#### Grade 9 Girls Relay:

1st - 9B  
2nd - 9C  
3rd - 9A

#### Grade 9 Boys Relay:

1st - 9A  
2nd - 9C

## Individual Sprints

### Grade 7 Girls

### Midget Boys

### Juvenile Boys

### Grade 8 Girls

Joy Knight  
Merjorie Barnish  
Carolie Nittleton

Brian Collard  
Don Hanchakoo  
Bob Sweet

Sam Cascissa  
Ed Kantyluk  
Lorne Huff

Eleanor Seelev  
Christine Krystlik  
Gail Tuckett

### Junior Boys

### Intermediate Boys

### Grade 9 Girls

### Senior Boys

Jerry Browzky  
Bill Goodine  
Gerald Philpot

George Falk  
Mervin Roach  
Orville Larson

Alice Motyka  
Yvonne Johnson  
Pat McGowan

Cecil Wilkes  
Mel Simley  
Morris Harris

## Three-Legged Race

1st - Sam Cascissa and Norman Fredrickson  
2nd - Sharon Ashman and Alice Motyka  
3rd - Morris Harris and Ed Zebrowski

The winning classes were:

Grade 9A with a total of 32 points.  
Grade 8D with a total of 30 points.  
Grade 7 C with a total of 23 points.

How You Tell On Yourself  
By Sharon Ashman

You tell on yourself by the friends you seek,  
By the very manner in which you speak,  
By the way you employ your leisure time,  
And by the use you make of a dollar and a dime.

You tell what you are by the things you wear,  
By the spirit in which your burdens you bare,  
By the kind of things at which you laugh,  
And by the records you play on the phonograph.

You tell what you are by the way you walk,  
By the things of which you delight to talk,  
By the manner in which you bear defeat,  
And so simple a thing as how you eat.

By the books you pick from the well-filled shelf;  
In these ways and more you tell on yourself;  
So really there is no fragment of sense  
In an effort to keep up false pretense.

"Our Searchlight"  
By Sharon Ashman

The "Searchlight" is our book,  
And we'll publish it by hook or by crook.

In it are pictures of your pals,  
The smiling faces of our boys and gals.

This book will keep you up on the news,  
And will also give you many pleasant views.

To work for the "Searchlight" was a lot of fun,  
Although it kept us on the run.

Thanks to Mr. Smalley and to us,  
We made this book with little fuss!

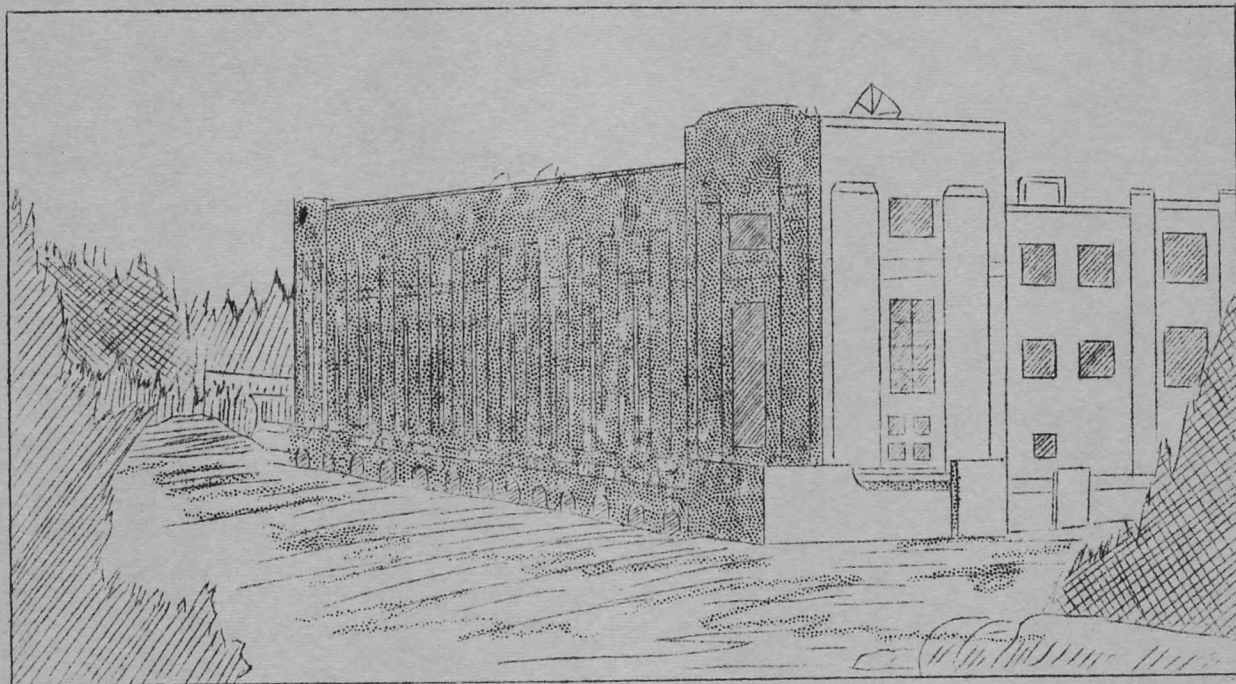
The "Searchlight" we hope you will enjoy,  
If you don't, tell us; don't be coy.

Happy Spring  
By Lillian Funk

I love the spring, the beautiful spring,  
The time when robins begin to wing,  
When lilacs begin to bloom;  
And lovers commence to swoon.

Spring is the time of laughter and fun,  
Time to rise and play in the sun;  
The tiny seeds are growing,  
Warm breezes are blowing.

Spring is the time when birds are singing,  
The time when tiny tots are swinging,  
Spring comes but once a year,  
And brings beautiful things so near.



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Poor lighting is harmful to the eyes and may cause defective eyesight. Check the lighting in your home or business premises and make sure you have plenty of illumination for reading, writing and all close work.

Replace old, worn out lamp bulbs with new Westinghouse lamps from City Hydro's Showrooms. Phone 968 201.

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## CITY HYDRO

SHOWROOM: Portage and Kennedy

OFFICES: 55 Princess Street



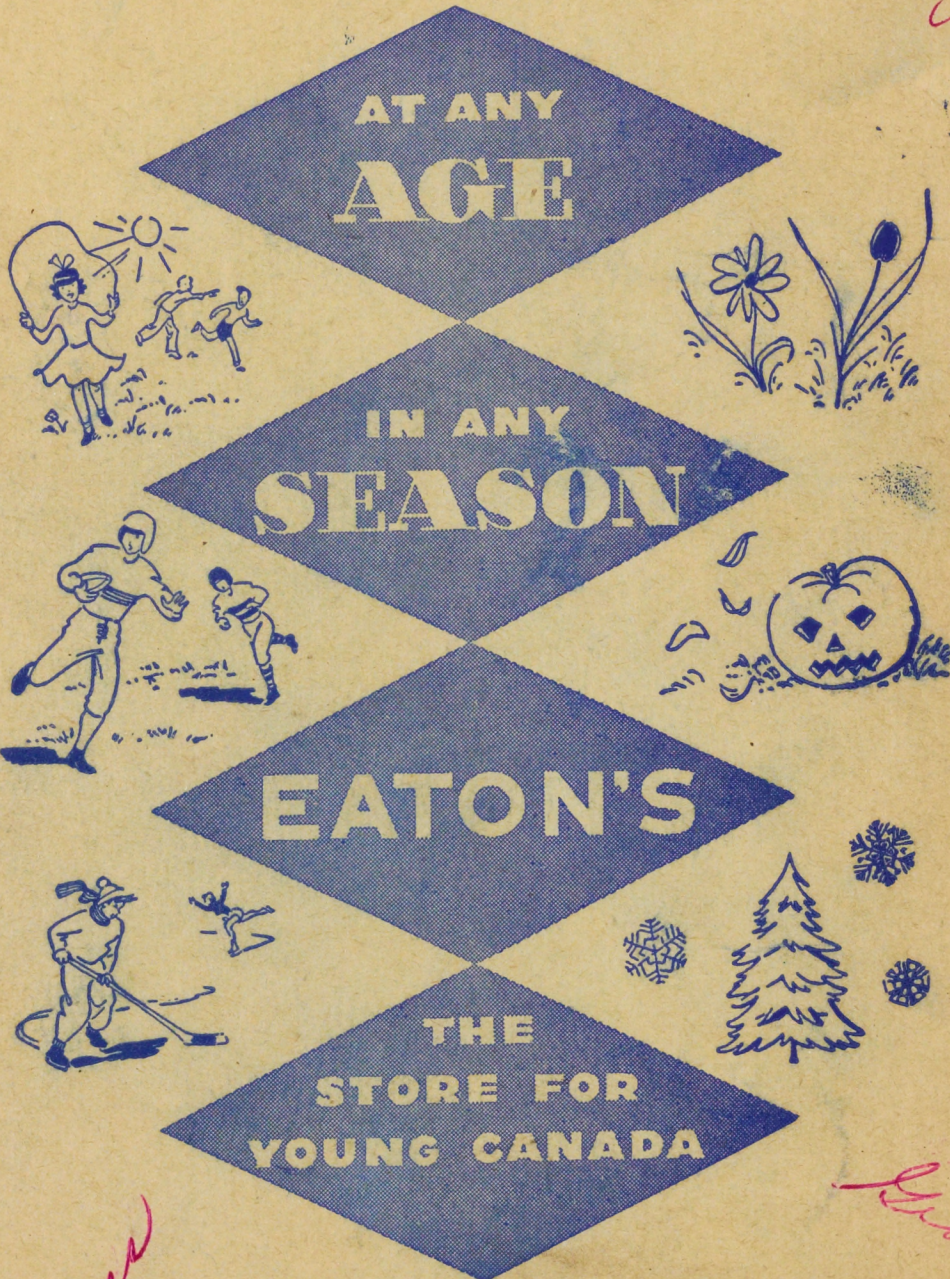


Mary Tinsley

Ernie

Murphy

Mike  
Murphy



Ed & Clara

Ed & Clara

Arlene  
+  
?

George Knight